1507/39

COUNT DI NOVINI;

OR

The Confederate Carthufians.

A

NEAPOLITAN TALE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL I.

"How mystery and fraud confound the countenance!
Quick, put on an honest face, if thou canst."
SHERIDAN'S Pizarro.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY J. STOCKDALE,

FOR P. WOGAN, P. BYRNE, W. PORTER, J. RICE,
G. FOLINGSBY, J. STOCKDALE, AND W. FOLDS.



The Confederate Carthy Comes

NEAPOLITAN TANE.

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QUES

COUNT DI NOVINI;

ADMINISTRAÇÃO

ØR,

The Confederate Carthulians.

CHAP. I.

Is ev'ry thing by ftarts, and nothing long.

DRYDEN.

ABOUT the middle of the fifteenth century might be seen, to the eastward of the city of Naples, the antient residence of the noble family of Novini, rearing its lofty front amidst a scene scarcely to be paralleled for beauty, even in a country teeming with the choicest productions of man, and exhibiting the more striking and magnificent features of creative power. The eye repofed with pleasure on the adjoining lands, where Nature, with a lavish hand, had fpread the most precious blessings of heaven. A winding stream appeared at a small distance from the castle: its banks were crowned with trees, whose variety of colouring, as feen in the green poplar, the dark beech, and purple willow, imparted 'a cheerful

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a cheerful aspect to an edifice, which appeared from its maffy walls and lofty battlements to have been the retreat of some petty tyrant in the feudal ages. The mind was neither wearied nor difgusted by uniformity or infipidity of prospect, but settled into that placid delight ever afforded to a reflecting being, when surveying vast fcenes of cultivation and fertility. Nor was the landscape deficient in the grander and more striking operations of Nature. To the fouth, the eye, glancing over the interesting remains of Roman magnificence, caught a view of the sea, ever varying in appearance, ever animated by the paintgalliot of pleasure, the loaded bark of the fishermen, or the stately vessel prepared for bloody warfare. Opposed to this tranquil scenery, rose mount Vesuvius; a source, at once, of pleasure and terrible sublimity. It was not, however, near enough to appal the spectator with fear of immediate destruction, yet sufficiently so to display the luxuriant vegetation on its furface, and the white cottages peeping forth amidst plantations of vines and olives. In itself it was undoubtedly the most conspicuous and interefting object, whether reflecting the beams

of the setting sun, or ejecting from its vast repositories of sire, black columns of smoke, and torrents of burning lava.

The possessor of this charming villa was the count di Novini, who had lately retreated from an active life to spend the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family; which, at this period, confifted of his lady, Beatrice his maiden sister, Pietro his only child, and domestics suitable to the dignity of his station. To render his fon worthy of the name he bore, was the chief object of the fond father's folicitude. This afforded him ample and pleasing employment, and prevented his mind from finking into inactivity when remote from the tumultuous scenes to which he had been hitherto accustomed. Constantly to be in expectation of fome end, attainable by human efforts, is, perhaps, necessary to the happiness of man. His careful instructions were not attended with fuccess adequate to his pains or expectations. The disappointment did not, however, arise from Pietro's want of genius, or natural ability, but from his furprifing volatility of temper. He speedily surmounted the first difficulties of any undertaking, but had not that application and perseverance, by which those of weak capacities, and obtuse feelings, more often rise to eminence in their several professions, than the most savoured of Nature's sons.

Even when a child, he was ever in fearch of some new enjoyment, and surpassed all his youthful companions in projecting and executing a variety of froliciome enterpriles. At school, his lively genius soon overcame every obstruction he had resolution to attempt; but if, at the instant of reaping the fruit of his preceding labour, a new object of study or entertainment prefented itself before him, he quitted the prize in the moment of victory, and received the stranger with open arms. His father early observed this propensity to change, and endeavoured by correction, and argument, suited to his tender years, to repress his impetuolity, or, at least direct it to proper objects.

"My dear boy," faid he, "you mount the tree with agility; but, alas! your first impetus suddenly ceases, and you descend without gathering the fruit."

Among other attempts to instil maxims of prudence and caution, he, while walking

in

in the garden with his ton, repeated the following

APOLOGUE.

The Boy, the Rose, the Vase, and the Butterfly.

The sun to daily labour rous'd the swain,
And tipt with gold the lofty poplar's boughs,
When, rushing from his home, light o'er the plain
Bounded a Boy to tend a fav'rite Rose.

He clapp'd his hands, and cry'd, with childiff glee,

"Since yester morn, how much my slower has grown!

Deep in the green its vivid blush I see,

To-morrow, surely, it will be full-blown."

"Those radiant drops the powers of life renew,
Yet foon they'll fade beneath the moon-tide hour;
Ah! let me hasten, ere the heats subdue,
And bring refreshment to my budding slower."

A valu'd Vafe, where colours richly glow'd,
He, eager, grafps, and to the streamlet hies,
Up to the brim its lucid waters flow'd,
With trembling heart he bears the crystal prize.

As, with flow step, near his lov'd plant he drew,
On its light leaves, inhaling morning sweet,
A Butterfly he saw, of splendid hue.
Fluttering joyful on its dewy seat.

He gaz'd, admiring, as its wings unfold, How, varying to the light, successive rose The heavenly azure, purple, verdant gold, And every tint with which the iris glows.

A prize, so splendid, panting to secure,
The brimful Vase beside the flower he plac'd,
Then, stretching forward, cry'd, "I make you sure."
But off it fled, and he pursu'd in haste.

The infect flew; now darting fwift on high,
Then lighting foftly on the dew-sprent ground,
Remain'd at rest until his foe came nigh.

Long fed by hope, the Boy with ardour fped,
"Till passing near his Rose, the prize in view,
He slipp'd—he fell—crush'd lay the slowret's head,
And, crashing loud, the Vase in fragments slew.

Repentance now bade tears of anguish roll,
And drew this moral from his troubled breast,
"Had not temptation's lure ensnar'd my foul,
With Rose and Vase I might have long been blest."

Pietro listened with considerable attention to the fable, but could not forbear casting a roving eye around, in hopes of beholding as beautiful a butterfly for the object of his chase.

"Now, my dear child," said the fond parent, at the conclusion of his verses, "you may here perceive the evil consequences of leaving a design unfinished for any pursuit suggested by accident or caprice. It is like a traveller forsaking the safe road to follow a lambent slame into a pitfall. Never attempt to do more than one thing at a time, if you wish to become either a great or a good man. By neglecting this prudential maxim, you see what ruin the thoughtless boy brought—"

Pietro, impatient at this lecture, here interrupted him. "I think, father," faid he, "the boy was a very careless fellow. Had he not slipped, he might have saved his rose and vase, and got the beautiful buttersly into the bargain. Oh! if I could see such another, spotted with purple and verdant gold, I would shew you a race without a stumble. But, I dare say, father, he could not run like me."

And away he bounded down the walk, fearcely bending the grass in his flight. His monitor, though somewhat delighted at his spirit, was not without apprehensions of its consequences, as he glanced into suturity.

Unfortunately, this tender parent, whose firm but temperate management had not-withstanding the ill-judged fondness of the countess, tended considerably to restrain his son's ardour and thoughtless conduct, expired at a time when his softering care was become absolutely necessary to finish the work he had so successfully commenced.

It is not in the nature of youth, much less fuch a youth as Pietro, to indulge in excessive forrow. He was depressed for a while, but his vivacity soon returned with increased force, to the great satisfaction of his

mother, who admired his exuberant spirit instead of controling it. Sometimes, indeed, on the detection of a frolic, in which she herself was a sufferer, she would look extremely offended; ere, however, he received the correction he deserved, by an arch look, or sprightly reply, he generally allayed the storm, and softened the angry frown into a smile not only of forgiveness but approbation.

Beatrice, his aunt, was more particularly the object of his mischievous attacks, as her humour and manners were strongly tinctured with singularity, and tempted, nay, he thought authorized him to hold her up to ridicule. She was plain in her person, single, not from repugnance to the marriage state, but because none of her suitors equalled her ideas of that delicate attention, seducing softness of manner, elegant person, and heroic spirit, which the repeated perusal of high-slown unnatural romances, had convinced her ought to be combined in every worthy of her sair hannd.

As time robbed her cheeks of their bloom, and planted wrinkles on her brow, she daily became more attached to that species of reading; and did not abate the least iota of her pretenfions, but repelled by her romantic refinement fuch as might have been attracted by her fmall fortune. The art of printing being then in its infancy, her tafte could not be indulged with fo abundant a fupply of the foft melting tales of love which now fo agreeably fill up the vacant hours of modern gentility; fhe was therefore obliged to have recourfe to her own invention, and began to compose a work fimilar to the old voluminous romance, which she trusted would surpass every thing before known, and enfure eternal fame to Beatrice di Novini. She indulged a most luxuriant fancy in pourtraying, in the highest terms of extravagance, the heavenly charms of the hero and heroine; the ecftatic tranfports, and the excruciating pangs of love. Could fhe have spoken from experience, her descriptions would, doubtless, have been less warm; for sober reality ever falls short of the splendid colourings of imagination. A finall apartment in a remote part of the castle, she pompously styled her study, " facred to the Muses," " the spot where her foul plumed its pinions preparatory to its flight to immortal fame !"

Here Pietro delighted to come when he imagined

imagined his aunt was absorbed in heavenly musing, and attempted by various methods to retard her fublime foarings into the regions of fancy. If he gained admittance, she had reason to repent of her compliance, as he feldom departed without purloining parts of her precious manuscripts, pouring oil into the ink-stand, or performing other exploits fuggested by the caprice of the moment. Once he nearly destroyed the whole work by inferting a quill filled with gunpowder in the middle of a wax-light, which, exploding with great violence, fet fire to feveral loofe sheets, and struck the fair composer with terror. The fruit of her labour would foon have been confumed, had not a fervant, accidentally paffing, heard the cry of "Fire! Fire." Seizing a large pitcher full of water he hastened to the study, and poured its contents round the disconsolate Beatrice, and the adventures of the divine " Celia."

For this prank, however, he did not escape without the chastifement he so well merited. He attempted to mollify his aunt, and partly succeeded, by offering to copy the damaged sheets.

" I should like," faid he, " to have some share

fhare in the glory you are sure of acquiring. For the accident is an emblem that the work will blaze with as much lustre in the world, as it did in the study. Like the phoenix it will rise, with increased beauty, from its ashes, and shine in the universe without a parallel."

CHAP. II.

delicerated since, but had not tell

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice.
By being peevish?

STATE OF THE PARTY

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SHAKESPEARE

ARRIVED at that critical period of human life, when the murmuring of the paffions, like the roaring of the sea, portends the stormy revolution of man emerging from infancy, Novini's wayward impetuosity increased, and his whole form assumed a new aspect*. His stature was about the middle

^{*} Rousseau.

middle fize, perfectly graceful and exprefive of great activity. He was also distinguished for those subtle variations of feature, which, at the instant when a spectator might imagine himself completely master of their expression, would change into others of as steeting duration. His counternance was open, free from restraint, pride, or affectation, and announced, even at a casual glance, such agreeable and pleasant manners, that those who knew him, and lamented his failings, forgot, in his company, every thing to his disadvantage. Indeed sew could resist his lively insinuating address.

With fuch passions, such means of gratification, and such powers to please, he commenced his career; and, to the regret of his friends, especially his mother, who, too late, repented her indiscriminate indulgence, eagerly rushed into every profligate dissipation afforded by the luxurious city of Naples. But, though often immersed by the whirlpools of vice, he was not totally lost to virtue. The spark of goodness, first kindled and cherished by his worthy parent, would, even when most obscured by evil company, and impetuous passions, occasionally

occasionally glow with ardour, and yield fair promise of future splendor. A promise which was still further strengthened by his his intimate friendship with Vignolo, a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose conduct was regulated by virtuous principles, and whose endeavours to stay Novini's deffruction were often fuccefsful Their characters formed a striking contraft. Vignolo was fedate, cool, and argumentative. Satisfied with performing his. duty, he thought not of more, nor fought any approbation but that of his own heart. From him justice and humanity might have been certainly expected, but nothing out of the common track; whereas Novini's ardent and susceptible feelings, not finding fufficient enjoyment in the calm walks of life, he was ever flarting afide from the cuftomary forms of fociety to purfue whatever was new, striking or eccentric. His mind. might be compared to a tropical climate. luxuriantly rich, but equally capable of ripening fruits of the most exquisite flavour. and plants teeming with poison. Although his love of novelty frequently led to criminal indulgence, it was also sometimes the means of his prefervation. When palled by vicious pursuits, he, with eagerness, adopted the prudent counsel of his worthy friend Vignolo, and endeavoured to acquire the good will of his relations by various acts of exemplary goodness. But, while thus giving hopes of a thorough reformation, the pleasures of the capital, the solicitations of his unprincipled companions, and his restless temper, would draw him from the bright path of rectitude, and involve him in the gloomy labyrinth of vice. In short, stability was all that was requisite to render him a complete christian hero, or a hardened reprobate.

During one of his transient fits of reformation he and Vignolo were invited to the celebration of a grand festival by the governor of Naples. Novini, as usual, was the life and soul of the entertainment.—
He exerted all his powers of pleasing and was eminently successful. When the dances commenced, many a tender heart throbbed with expectation, many a bright eye glanced eagerly round for the gallant Novini's approach; but the lovely Maddalena D'Ossuna, the only child of a wealthy Venetian lately arrived in the capital, proved the most attractive magnet. Indeed

deed her beauty shone so pre-eminent as lest no room for hesitation. He saw, admired, and, for the first time, selt the rising symptoms of love. With his wonted warmth, when yielding to first impressions, he declared to his friend, as he lest the assembly, that if it were possible to sum into one pleasing hour every enjoyment of his former life, he would gladly resign it for one hour of his dear Maddalena's company, "whose every attitude was grace, and whose every look kindled admiration."

Nor did Maddalena leave her equally attractive partner without a favourable impression of his elegant manners and brilliant conversation; qualities so pleasing to her youthful fancy, that not even the repeated cautions of her friends on her first entrance into public life, could induce her to behold him with indifference. His feduction of thoughtless females, his extravagance, his intemperate love of pleasure, which her tattling companions had represented as an indelible stain upon his character, appeared now as juvenile indifcretions, arifing rather from exuberant spirits, influence of evil company, and the yielding frailty of the

the victims who had feduced bim to their own ruin, than a natural depravity of heart.

"Perhaps," thought this susceptible and confident fair, "it is reserved for me to prove that a truly-virtuous woman is irressitible to every attack, and can fix the most wavering and irresolute in the paths of duty and honour."

At this time Gonfalvo, younger and only brother of the Duke di Rizambo, attracted by the fame of her fortune and beauty, naid his addresses, and was favourably received by honest Marco her father. Extravagantly admiring persons of high rank, and wishing to aggrandize himself by an alliance with fome noble family, Marco made no objections to Gonfalvo's deficiency of fortune, particularly as his brother's known aversion to the marriage flate rendered him presumptive heir to the title and immense possessions. Gonsalvo was proud, unfeeling, and ambitious.-Having by a long course of debauchery, wasted the inheritance bequeathed him by his father, he had become dependent upon the bounty of his brother. This mortified his pride; and on receiving some severe but just remonstrances on his continuing in the the evil courses which had ruined his fortune and character, he began to consider his brother as an enemy, and, at length, every fentiment of gratitude and fraternal affection was obliterated from his mind --Deviling methods of rifing from this state of dependence to his former elevated feat of enjoyment, that he might return his brother's prefuming centures with fcorn, continually employed his thoughts. Gaming, though affifted by every fineste, proved but a precarious resource. He attempted to procure a place of emolument at court, but his character rendered all his attempts of that nature abortive. After various disappointments he resolved to repair his shattered fortune by marriage. At this period the charms of Maddalena, charms rendered more dazzling to his interested eye by her immense fortune, arose before him. Her father's ignoble birth, low station, and vulgarity, were not fufficient to prevent him from offering himfelf as his fon-in-law. Every imperfection was forgotten, while viewing the princely fortune Marco had acquired by a fortunate speculation in foreign commerce. Although Maddalena fuffered Gonfalvo's attentions more

more from submission to her father's will, than from the pleasure they afforded, yet the would probably have yielded to his folicitations, had not the count di Novini, who was in every respect so much his superior, appeared. Then indifference gave place to disgust. Gonsalvo, by unceasingly ruminating on the difficulties in which he was involved, and the means of removing them, had infentibly acquired a look expressive of discontent and deep design. One, or both, of his eyes were often half-closed, as if, abstracting himself from external objects, he were meditating some crafty enterprize. A few days before the Governor's entertainment he received intelligence that his brother, who was then trying the efficacy of the baths of Pifa, was not expected to recover. Aware of the power his brother possessed over the greater part of his property, and prompted by interest rather than affection, he instantly set out for Pisa .- His absence afforded Novini uninterrupted access to his fair mistress. At every interview his love feemed to increase. If a dull unfeeling Cymon, when first vifited by the tender passion, acquires vivacity to invent and vigour to perform, what wonderill.

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ful effects may it be supposed to have produced on the spirited, susceptible, and enterprising Novini? His spirit ever ardent and impetuous was now in a state of constant ebullition. Irresistible energy slashed from his eyes, and every obstacle to the attainment of his desires seemed easily surmountable.

" Oh Vignolo, my dear Vignolo," faid he one day to his friend, " what a divinity is Maddalena! Her dark blue eyes how bewitching! I glanced at them ten thousand times, and each time beheld ten thousand inexpressible graces, such as I never saw or imagined any mortal could possess, and yet every one of them new, perfectly new, by Jove! Now animated by the most lively emotions, then half-concealed by her fine eye lashes, expressing the mildness and pure intelligence of an angel. Oh my friend! if the eye be the tongue of the understanding, the unfullied mirror of the foul, what a foul must her's be! Then her mouthbut why don't you speak, Signore Gravity? Perhaps you are dumb with admiration?"

"To be fure," replied Vignolo calmly, "Maddalena is beautiful, and you appear, at present, completely fascinated with her attractions. But a fire that blazes fiercely

foon

foon expires. I fear, ere another month, novelty will ceafe, and you will love another with as much ardour; for you must have fomething new."

"And when I am blefs'd with Maddalena, I shall have fomething new; pleafures, rosy pleasures, ever fresh and blooming! I defire no other paradife than to live eternally with so charming an Houri."

"Ah! count, I fear that ensuring tongue has often beguited the unsuspicious fair one; but do not continue to facrifice your honour, duty and religion to licentiousness.

Maddalena is virtuous—"

"And shall remain so. May curses blast the villain who wrongs her! Honour, strict honour, I am resolved, shall henceforth regulate my actions."

Heaven grant it may prove fo! Often have I lamented that such talents as you possess, should be enlisted under the banners of vice, and often wished for your reformation."

as you, ought to have prayed for it."

Be affured, Novini, I always remember you at matins and vespers."

You do, my dear ghostly father.—Pray

tell me the form, that I may get it by heart, and repeat it for the benefit of my late companions."

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"You will find it in your paternoster.

The words are "Deliver us from evil."

Jupiter, you can be as severe as the Devil, when you choose."

"And, were it not for your volatility,

"Be as holy and as wife as yourfelf, I suppose. But my volatility, as you are pleased to term it, arises solely from my wish to infuse happiness wherever I go. I am gay with the gay, fad with the fad, and can acmodate myself to every man's humour. -Do they play, I have no objection to it; and as for women, lovely women, who can resist the dear creatures? If my company facrifice to Bacchus, must I check their conviviality by preaching a lecture on moderation, or assuming the airs of my friend, the moral philosopher? No! I never interrupt a party of pleasure by yelling " memento mori." But you I can never persuade to act like others. You are absolutely invulnerable to the charms of play, women, and wice. Nay, I believe, you would rather

have Plato's crabbed morality on your pillow, than the loveliest woman in Naples. Egad! you must have something of the rock in your composition, or you could not be so cool about the perfections of Maddalena d'Ossuna, or behold her in all her glory, without seeling as much admiration as I do."

only sensation, my dear count, be your only sensation, can such a short-lived passion, which familiarity annihilates or transforms to disgust, continue, when you have entered the holy state of matrimony? Knowing, as I do, your variable temperament, I feel it my duty to warn you of the imprudence and danger of precipitately forming such an engagement, where virtue and constancy are so peculiarly requisite to happiness. Resect, therefore, in time, lest

Reflect!" interrupted the count, "I do reflect; and am certain that every day, every hour, every moment of my life, will discover such an infinitude of charms, that admiration will never die. How canit? Will not it be constantly cherished by the perfonal and mental beauties of my adorable Maddalena, and the rising charms of our children?"

"Alas!" repeated Vignolo, who wished to alloy the count's too-warm indulgence of the present, by directing his view towards contingent events, "do children always supply happiness? Is not beauty of short duration? How easily imagination rears the splendid structure! never resecting how swift life slies, or how the accidents incident to man, and the natural infirmities of age may level it to the ground."

"Avaunt, thou gloomy monster! cease to destroy my happiness by the prospect of frail mortality? Would you posson the springs of life at the sountain, and rob me of the desightful vision of paradise, by placing the dreadful image of death before me? If life slies, let us enjoy it? Youth lasts but for a moment; and I am resolved to embitter no part of so sleeting a possession, by remaining longer in your presence, but hasten to my adorable Maddalena, and endeavour to obtain the sweet assurance of her love. Oh! she must and shall be mine.

Must, and shall! very peremptory indeed. Are there then no doubts of success? No obstacles to surmount? Have you obtained Marco's, or, which is more material, vol. 1.

B Maddalena's

Maddalena's consent? Is not it reported, that Gonsalvo di Rizambo is preparing for his nuptials, and has even taken a house for the occasion?"

"Trust me, Vignolo, he may engage a thousand houses, but never one Maddalena. Can the proud and selfish Rizambo, whose iron seatures are never relaxed by a smile, hope to secure such a delightful prize when I am a competitor? By Jove! he is much better adapted to confess the old women of Naples, than to embrace the lovely blooming Maddalena. I again repeat, she must and shall be mine, or I'll—"

"Leap down yonder mountain," hastily added Vignolo, pointing towards Mount Vesuvius.

" Why fo?"

"Because it will be something new."

"Come, come, Vignolo don't be witty.

Leave that to me, and mind your old faws and musty moral maxims. I know you think me a rattle, a madcap, a perfect weathercock, because I do not adopt your cautious conduct: you seldom utter a syllable until it be measured by your prudential compasses, and squared by the strict rules of moral logic; and, in every trisling doubt, forbear

forbear to act till you have consulted the consessor and the decalouge; thus depriving your friends of the exalted pleasure my vice, or rather, folly, is preparing for mine?"

"How! exalted pleasure from the commission of crime?"

Even so. He who never committed a crime cannot delight his friends with reformation. But I must not stand trisling here, when Love, almighty Love! demands his due."

Well, go, and remember honour. If you were not so consident of your own powers, you might entice your aunt Beatrice to pen a poetical billet, sull of darts, slames, loves, and cupids, sufficient to move the hardest heart."

"Or make your flinty fides shake with laughter; a much more surprising thing. Egad! I believe you were born in the cave of Trophonius; and I must instantly sly, lest your presence should prove so contagious as to render me dumb when I approach the altar of Love. So adieu, my young ancient."

He then rapidly withdrew, leaving his friend in much doubt whether his reformation would be permanent.

CHAP III.

Lé desordre étoit dans ses discours, .
Ils' est plaint d'un péril qui menaçoit ses jours.
Il parloit d'ennemi, de ravisseur farouche.

RACINE.

What unseen power does this disorder move?

GARTH'S Ovid.

GONSALVO found his brother fo much better than he had expected, that he would have infantly returned, had not he thought fuch a step would betray the real motives of his journey, and be more disadvantageous to his interest than if he had never left the metropolis. He had been feveral weeks at Pifa deceiving his relation by the femblance of affection, when his correspondent informed him of the progress the count di Novini was making in the good graces of Marco and his fair daughter, and that even their marriage was reported to be in contemplation. Alarmed at this information, he curfed himself for his folly in leaving her. Bidding a hasty adieu to the Duke, he fet off in hopes of recovering the ground he might have loft in his abfence

fence. Ere his arrival, Maddalena, young, artless, and sanguine, pleased with the assiduity of her gallant admirer, and placing the utmost considence in the sincerity of his professions, hesitated not to consess the interest he had obtained in her heart, and her invincible repugnance to the projected union. He also rapidly increased in the favour of the honest merchant, her father, whose vanity was much slattered by the count's infinuating samiliarity, and who now began to think Gonsalvo's manners were far too stately and overbearing to one who was to be his father-in-law.

The diftinguishing features in Marco's character, and paramount to his reverence for noble birth, were his scrupulous and bigotted attachment to the Romish church, and boundless hatred of her enemies, particularly the Mahometans, whose ships of war had long retained him in perpetual alarm, and more than once nearly annihilated his hopes of affluence. Even in Naples he scarcely imagined himself secure, as the insidels about that period frequently landed to plunder the cities on the coast of Italy.

. Somewhat

Somewhat indisposed by his journey, Gonsalvo was prevented from visiting Maddalena immediately on his arrival. He was preparing to take a sew hours repose, when Marco, who had heard of his having returned without obtaining a Dukedom, waited on him, at his daughter's request, to inform him that events had occurred during his absence which induced him to decline the honour of so noble an alliance.—Vexed to the soul at this intelligence, Gonsalvo paced twice or thrice about the room, saying,

"Strange! very extraordinary usage!
Is it besitting a person of my rank, to en-

dure fuch indignity?"

"Oh," faid Marco, bowing to the very ground, "the reason is, please your offended nobility, that my daughter has changed her mind. This is, as I may say, the short and the long of the matter."

"Have I," continued Gonsalvo, "who may already be considered as head of the ancient family of Rizambo, for my brother cannot possibly outlive the winter, have I, I repeat, stooped from my dignity to court an alliance with a plebeian and be dishonoured by a refusal? But I know to whom I

am indebted for this unworthy treatment. The hot-headed Novini and his monkey tricks have forced you to this ridiculous and inconfiderate step."

"Nobody, please your honour, can force me to do any thing I have not a mind to, that is, not willing to do. Thanks to the Virgin, and St. Mark, who saved me from the Mahometan devils, I have plenty, owe no man a farthing, and sear nobody, that is, except they give me reason. I faith your honour is far too sour for a sweetheart. Maddalena loves every thing that is lively; and had you but danced, laughed and chattered all day long, God bless you, I might have been your honour's honourable father-in-law. Now there's the count Novini—"

" Curse Novini!"

"Oh no, your highness. He's such a funny noble. Truly, the merriest I ever set my eyes on. When he wants to be alone with Maddalena, he'll make nothing of turning me out by the shoulders; but all in the politest freest manner in the world. has such a way with him, that I believe if he broke my neck I could not be angry with him."

Rizambo's mind was so occupied in contriving a plan to circumvent his rival, that he paid little attention to Marco's harangue. Remembering his extreme regard for high and ancient ancestry, he at length thought it probable, that by heightening the advantages to be acquired by a renewal of his engagements, he might reconcile the simple merchant to his interest. Assuming an air of dignissed resentment, he said,

"Go, honest man; I have no more to fay, I will not condescend so far as seriously to notice the inconsiderate and disrespect-ful conduct of one who is only a trader."

"Only a trader! please your nobility. Why I've heard say, trade is the life-blood of a state. But mayhap your tip-top quality don't know that, being as how their titles, and genealogies, and arms, are enough for them to think about."

"Marco," added Rizambo, waving his hand with dignity, "depart in peace. My refentment is referved for the infidious Novini. Yet remember, deluded man, that my family is the most noble in Italy, and that I am descended from the great Paleologus, emperor of Constantinople. Thus have you for ever lost, by your daughter's fickleness

fickleness and the intriguing arts of a libertine, the supreme honour of being allied to the imperial race."

"I! I allied to empe rors! Good! Please your highness forget and forgive. Give me your precious hand this moment.—You shall be my son-in-law, and I, Marco D'Ossuna, late merchant of Venice, shall be exalted, that is, related to the great king Pallylogus."

" I said the emperor Paleologus."

"Well, well! your highness, say no more. I'll run home and tell my daughter this.— I warrant when she hears your honour has royal blood in your veins, she will pack off the frisky count. If she don't, she shall be no child of mine, that's all."

"Don't be harsh to the girl, good Marco. I will call soon, and clear up whatever has been reported to my prejudice.— Meantime, let justice be sostened by mercy."

"By St. Mark! that's a fine sentiment.
I never heard the like from Count di Novini. But that may be because he's not akin to emperors."

A miniature picture which Gonsalvo had fat for at Pisa, and was now lying on the B 5 dressing

dreffing table attracted Marco's observa-

"Ha!" said he, "here's your nobility's ownself."

"I design it for Maddalena," replied Rizambo.

"Oh, do you so? Why then, with your highness's permission, I'll put this little noble in my pocket, to please my daughter, till the great noble has rested himsels."

Rizambo making no objection, he departed with the portrait, as happy as a prince. Rizambo was pleased at the profpect of renewing his engagements, but feared much opposition from the impetuofity of his rival, and the influence of his personal attractions over the tender heart of Maddalena. A few months longer he might weather the storms of adverse fortune; but if his defigns were unsuccessful, poverty and dependence, he knew, must be his future portion. This augmented his hatred of Novini, and determined him to fpare no exertions to disappoint him.' As the honest Venetian withdrew, a note was presented to Rizambo from one of his gambling affociates, informing him there was expected to be great play at the usual place

place of refort, and requesting his company at eleven that night. Hoping that a few hours rest would restore him, he returned word that he would, if possible, attend, and laid himself down to rest.

Marco, mean time, hastened home, and taking Maddalena by the hand, led her, without speaking, into his oratory. Hemming thrice to clear his throat, and recollect his scattered ideas, he addressed her with much solemnity, his interview with Rizambo having taught him that a light carriage and rapid utterance were incompatible with true dignity.

"You know," faid he to his aftonished daughter, "that I am your honoured fa-

ther."

" So I have ever believed."

I am your honoured father, nay, mother too, for that matter: fince, except me, you have none, because she died before you could remember her. Being thus doubly attached to you, I have a right to double the obedience and reverence of common fathers."

"Dear father!" faid Maddalena, puzzled and somewhat alarmed by this strange preamble, preamble, "have I ever failed in my duty and reverence?"

whole you have reverenced your father, which is but natural, confidering I am the only one you ever had, have, or can have, the noble education I have given you, my own example, and the bleffing of my holy name-fake, Saint Mark. I have, therefore, no fear that you will now begin to difobey your honoured parent, being as how you are older than ever you were before, and should have more sense. Therefore I forbid you to receive or encourage the addresses of the wild, trisling, and, I'm asraid, irreligious Novini."

" Dear father! do not, I entreat-"

"Silence, child! Being refolved, however, to soften mercy with justice, and knowing young girls love to be sweethearted, in my fatherly care I have provided you another lover, worth a thousand of him; one who has royal blood in his losty veins. There's his noble picture, child; a sensible, solemn, steady man, such as your discerning mother always admired."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Maddalena, looking at the picture, "this is furely Rizambo, Rizambo, whose alliance you purposely went to reject!"

ther sternly. "But I should never have thought of rejecting him, had I known his rank and relationship to the great Pallylogus, emperor of Constantinople. He will be here in the morning, if not to night; so mind, as you value my love, receive him with your best looks, for, please the Virgin and Saint Mark, you shall soon be in the way of being a duches, if not an empres."

"Ah, father! if fuch exaltation cannot infure my happiness, how useless will it be

to me!"

father. Call not the imperial blood useless! To be sure it cannot save life, but then nobody expects it, because it is impossible, and, if it was possible, it would not be sair, since it would hinder heirs from coming to the titles and estates as their sathers did before them. The advantages of noble blood, you are too young to perceive, because they are only to be selt by the sufferer from the disadvantages of low birth. Pray, child, what was it but this which made the crowd at Venice, and I warrant it is the same every where

where elfe, except among favages, and there it cannot be expected, because they are not Christians, I fay, what made the crowd at Venice bow to the very ground, and open their ranks to a man far poorer than me, and crush your honoured father to a mummy, or rushpast as if they wanted to knock him into the stinking canal; and yet I was taller, stronger, handfomer, younger, and richer than him they made way for. But, alas! I wanted that which neither you nor any body else can tell the value of; your honoured father's blood was not worth a fingle foldi. All these advantages, and more than I can tell, because I don't know them, you will enjoy when you are an empress, or at least a duchefs, which you're certain of being very very foon, that is, if Gonfalvo get the dukedom. Pray, child, for that happy event, and think no more of Novini."

Repeating his injunction, he withdrew to his devotions, leaving Maddalena in a state of much irresolution and perplexity. Although determined never to become the wife of Rizambo, she dared not openly profess that sentiment, lest her father should take a vow she should not be united to Novini;

which

which was not improbable, as he had already vowed to have her married on no other day, than the feaft of Saint Mark, and she knew no argument, where religion was concerned, could induce him to change his purpose.— Fearing the count would call, and by his impetuous fallies offend her father beyond the hopes of forgiveness, and lead him to form some rash resolution, she hastily dispatched a few lines to Novini, informing him of what had just passed, assuring him of her unalterable affection, and requesting him to refrain, for a short time, from his usual visits.

Although Novini's friends had expected him to form a more splendid alliance, they did not discourage his attachment to so worthy an object as Maddalena, hoping her artless and engaging manners would secure his continuance in the path of duty and honour. Unconscious of the clouds advancing towards his happy prospects, the count was repeating to his samily and Vignolo, his intention of withdrawing for ever from his licentious companions, and settling in the neighbourhood to lead a life of ease and tranquillity, when Maddalena's billet was delivered.

delivered. His eye rapidly ran over the contents.

"By heaven!" exclaimed he, "this is not to be borne. Who, who could have fuspected it? So sudden, so unexpected a change! But I shall amply repay his vile artifice."

"Dear Pietro," faid his mother, ,, why this emotion? Has any of your late affociates—?"

There, there!" replied he, throwing down the note, "read that, my dear mother, then wonder how I keep my fenses. The poor infatuated Marco knows not his own mind."

"Let me tell you, nephew," faid Beatrice, "that you, of all men living, ought not to make that complaint. Were an Argus to fearch from the frozen Alps to mount Olympus, could he find one half fo capricious as yourself? Should this difficulty be overcome, I fear, much fear, from your changes, and the lady's speedy compliance, the temple of Hymen will not be graced with a permanently happy pair. What confidence can be placed in the fair damsel, who so soon discloses the state of her heart, nay is even so forward, so indelicate, as to

commence

commence her epistle with "Dear Novini?" In former ages, seven years' attendance would have been searcely sufficient to authorise so endearing an appellation. Yet what perilous adventures have you achieved to merit such untimely marks of love. For my part—"

" Aye, for your part," retorted Novini, who had been amused by her remarks, " ere you indulged a lover with a fight of the tip of your nofe, you would have the heart to keep him fighing and praying for a thoufand years. How many gallant gentlemen have had reason to repent of the cruelty of the fair incomparable Beatrice di Novini? The first whom your bright eyes slew was. I believe, Don Pedro, a native of Arragon, who, when you refused him, as all must be at first you know, drew his rapier, and, crying "Ah, cruel but too lovely fair ! you doom me to death!" brandished the fatal weapon, and plunged it into- the scabbard."

"When will thy folly terminate?" faid Beatrice, scornfully. "Does it become ignorance, mean low-spirited ignorance, to impel the darts and pitchy clouds of Slander on the bright retiring form of Delicacy." "Very poetical indeed. Let me tryntoequal this sublime morsel, while describing the second sufferer by the bright retiring form of delicacy."

"Cease, count, I beseech you," said Vignolo in a low accent. "Your aunt is a worthy character, and deserves not this treatment."

"Prithee none of thy preaching. She deserves a little punishment for derogating from the worth of the divine Maddalena. Composing the adventures of Celia will foon fet all to rights again .- The next humble adorer of this incomparable virgin, was a gallant captain of Malta. His daring spirit which, like a tempest, annihilated his enemies, foftened into the mild breath of the zephyr, at fight of the marble-hearted damsel. "Oh, ye cruel Fates!" cried he on being scornfully rejected, " I cannot, furvive my miserable destiny." Then flying on the back pinions of Despair to the raging ocean, threw himself into --- a. boat. Ha! ha! I think I hit off the fublime to a miracle."

The countess laughed. Vignolo smiled, and said, "I wish, count, you may have as little.

little to reproach yourself with when you arrive at her age."

"My age, Signore!" faid Beatrice, "needs none of your comments. It can fpeak for itself."

"Aye and very intelligibly too," added Novini. " It is like a title page drawn in strong characters."

"Know, Pietro!" exclaimed Beatrice, retreating to the door, " that the only emotions thy weak ungenerous farcasms raise in my breast, are those of pity and contempt. Pity for thy ignorance, and contempt for thy principles. Retirement! retirement from fuch a shuttlecock as thou art, ought never to be expected. Thy foul is too worldly, too mean, too trifling, to feel pleafure from liftning to the foft murmers of the crystal stream, and the sweet declining notes of Philomela. Thou wouldst prefer the costly banquet to the innocent and delicious repast thou mightest enjoy by culling the berries with thine own hands, and inhaling the waters of the brook!"

Novini laughed outright.

"Poor man! pleased with thine own emptiness!" added Beatrice, and stalked off with great dignity.

a How

"How warm she is!" faid the count. I warrant that sly rogue Cupid could raise an ardent slame in her bosom. But how shamefully have I wasted that precious time, which ought to be entirely devoted to my charming Maddalena!"

He then hastily penned a short note in answer to Maddalena, expressing his concern at her cruel injunction of absence, thanking her in the warmest terms for her assurance of love, and vowing that another day should not elapse ere he again saw her, in spite of every obstacle, and whatever might be the consequence. Of Rizambo, he spoke in terms of unqualissed resentment.—Scarcely had the messenger left the castle, ere he suspected that Rizambo was at that moment engaged with Maddalena, and that her billet was the effect of compulsion.

"I will visit her this instant," said he, and, notwithstanding the night was far advanced, snatched his hat, and rushed out of the room without waiting for an attendant. The countess remained breathless with alarm. Vignoli followed, saying,

"I hope you are not going to meet

" Not that I know of. But if chance place him in my way, his royal blood shall not protect him."

And off he ran to procure an interview with Maddalena, in spite of his friend's efforts to restrain him.

On arriving at Marco's, the stillness prevailing within convinced him that the family had retired to rest.

"My labour shall not be fruitles," thought he, "I will not return without beholding my angel, though I fire the house to bring her to my arms."

Pacing round the house, in hopes of meeting with some of the domestics, he difcerned a light at one of the back windows, which was fometimes obscured by the interposition of a human figure. His fancy, kindling at the fight, immediately decked out the fleeting image in all the charms of the object of his adoration. Without reflecting on the confequences, he fearched for fome pebbles to throw against the window, with the defign of drawing Maddalena towards it. Ere he executed this mad resolution, a ladder, lying in a back court, arrested his attention. This he suspected to have been used in placing on the terrace a miniature

miniature representation of the holy house of Bethlehem, as was customary at Naples in the Christmas season. An opportunity so favourable, the impatient lover eagerly embraced. Rearing the ladder immediately below the window, he mounted with inconceivable alacrity, the difficulties himself had made being a powerful zest to his enterprise. Arrived at the summit, he beheld the unsuspecting Maddalena reading a letter which she repeatedly pressed to her lips.

"That is furely my billet," whispered Novini to himself. "How lovely she now appears! What softness in her looks! By heaven she is more charming than when I first saw her! How advantageously that negligent undress displays the elegant contour of her shape, and the irrresistible grace of every movement! Oh, that at this moment I could class her to my throbbing breast and call her mine!"

With looks enamoured, he observed her for a few moments, then capping gently at the window, he said in a soft but eager tone,

" Maddalena! my dear Maddalena!"

Her aftonishment was so great on hearing the well-known accents, that a faint scream involuntarily escaped her. Soon growing

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more

more affured, the went to the window, and, holding up her hands as if motioning his retreat, faid, with an air of displeasure:

"What rashness is this? Why do you obtrude on my privacy? Should my father, Rizambo, or any of the servants observe you, what distressing consequences may ensue! consider my honour and reputation!"

"Blame me not, my angel! I feared the arts of my villainous rival, and foreboded fomething fatal to my peace. But, thank God! all is well. Open the casement. Ten minutes free conversation is all that I desire. Do not, my lovely girl, reject the boon of your faithful knight!"

"This is no time for foolery," faid Maddalena. "Reflect on the lateness of the hour, and the ill aspect of this rash adventure. Depart, dear Novini, I beseech you. Does not my letter sufficiently evince my aversion for Rizambo? Ha! did not you hear a voice?"

"No, my love. It is only your disturbed fancy. I heard nothing but the abbey bell. This painful distance makes me speak too loud. Why so suspicious of your own Novini?"

Softened

Softened by his eloquence, admiring his gallantry, Maddalena now put her hand to to the casement; but ere she unbarred it, recollecting some stories which had been circulated to his prejudice, she retreated to the farther part of the room.

"Cruel Maddalena!" continued the count. "Do you, indeed, doubt my honour? Fear to trust yourself a sew moments in my company? But this mistrust is owing to the insidious arts of Rizambo. I'll instantly seek and punish the villain. Yes, this very night shall our pretensions be decided."

He was about to descend, when Maddalena apprehensive of danger, and imagining she beheld her loves in the agonies of death, hastily opened the catement.

"Dear Novini," cried she, inexpressibly agitated, "do not risk your life and my eternal peace!"

At these words, the count again sprung up, pressed her hand to his lips, and vaulted into the apartment, but with so much impetuosity, that the ladder sell to the ground with a violent noise.

"What shall I do!" exclaimed Maddalena, wringing her hands. "Why was I so imprudent? We are lost, undone for ever!"

"Fear nothing, my angel. All will go well. I'll protect you at the hazard of my life."

Glancing towards the mantle-piece, he difcovered the portrait which Marco had recently presented to his daughter.

"How!" cried he, "Rivambo! Why retain this wretch's likeness?"

"I only suffer its hated presence, till I can safely return it."

Suppose, my love," replied he, placing his arm round her stender waist, "we make your father believe that this picture ——"

"Hist!" said Maddalena, "I hear my father's voice. What will become of us! He is coming this way."

Marco, who slept in the next suit of rooms, was roused from a light doze by his daughter's involuntary scream. His fears of the Insidels' surprising the city of Naples being ever predominant, he at first imagined they had actually landed, to plunder the churches, and murder the true believers. Listening for a few moments, and finding all silent, he imputed his fright to adream, advol. 1.

dressed a pious ejaculation to Saint Mark, and again disposed himself for sleep. The ladder at this instant falling, he started from the bed in great alarm. Throwing a nightgown over him, he hurried to his daughter's chamber, sometimes beginning an Ave Maria, then bawling,

"Anselmo! Bianca! Francesco! The Turkish dogs! My poor Maddalena! The Insidels! Oh!"

"What the devil shall I do!" cried our adventurous lover, "That cursed ladder! Where, where shall I conceal myself? Any place, ever so small. Egad! I could creep into a thimble!"

"Open the door," faid Marco, scarcely daring to open his eyes. "Oh the blessed Virgin! the Infidels! My sweet daughter! Holy Saint Mark! Open the door."

Maddalena was so overcome by her feelings at this moment, that she would have admitted her parent without putting out the light, had not Novini, who had concealed himself behind the bed, desired her to take that precaution.

"Dear father, what is the matter?" inquired Maddalena, opening the door in

great confusion.

" The

"The matter! Have you not heard the cannon, and the dying shrieks? Is nobody with you? I certainly heard some persons speaking just now. I hope they will be deseated. May the Virgin protect us from the lurking Mahometan, and prevent your honoured father from being circum—

His exclamations were here interrupted by a cry of "Fire! fire!" and the whole house was immediately in an uproar.

"Lord have mercy upon us!" continued Marco. "The Infidels have fet fire to the city. Every mother's fon will be burnt alive, and also the churches, the holy house of Bethlehem. Oh Saint Mark! save us poor finners!"

The concealed enamorato with difficulty refrained from laughing outright at such preposterous exclamations. He was, however greatly perplexed by this alarm, and believed instant detection unavoidable, but had too much courage, and had been too often engaged in intriguing adventures, to lose his presence of mind.—It happened, that as Novini clandestinely entered the chamber, Rizambo, in consequence of his engagement, passed by honest Marco's house. He heard the noise, and hastening to the back

part, discovered the ladder on the pavement. Naturally suspicious, knowing the count's general character for intrigue, he supposed that an affignation had just taken place, which was farther confirmed on perceiving a light in Maddalena's chamber, and hearing a faint found of voices iffue from thence. Imagining that he should now convict his rival of baseness, ingratiate himself with the credulous merchant, and cause Maddalena, for her own fake, to agree to his former propofals, he cried " Fire! fire!" and thundered at the door for admittance. The door being opened, he rushed in. Bidding Ludovico, his attendant, watch that no one escaped, and defiring Marco's domestics to follow him with lights, he groped up stairs in the dark, directing his progress by Marco's loud lamentations.

Rizambo's directions to the servants were to pass unobserved by the perplexed party above.

"Oh, that is Gonsalvo's voice," whispered Maddalena. "God knows what this rash adventure may produce!"

Her father now ran half frantic about the room, repeating, "The house is surrounded!

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ed! No mother's fon can escape the d—d Mahometans. Oh my poor child!"

He here crushed himself behind the bed, close by Novini.

"Now, or never," thought the count, is the time to fly. The doors are open, the house is in confusion. Off I go,"

As he was retreating, the terrified merchant heard the ruftling at his elbow. Scarcely conscious of what he did, he put out his hand, and laid hold of Novini's hat. Not daring to attempt to recover it, the count continued his course. He had descended only a few steps, when he distinguished fome person advancing, and heard the fervants calling on one another below. Had a detection affected only himself, he would have pushed boldly forward; but the little chance there was of escaping without drawing unmerited obloquy on his beloved Maddalena, determined him to retreat higher up the staircase. He then rapidly repassed her chamber, and ascended another flight of steps. Feeling a door, he tried if it was open, and happily procured immediate admittance. This apartment belonged to Bianca, Maddalena's confidential fervant

vant, who had just been roused from a sound sleep, and was now hurrying to her mistress.

"Who are you?" faid she, trembling.

"Softly, my good girl. Do you not know Novini? Now is your time effentially to ferve me. I have, by my folly, brought your dear lady into a very difagreeable fituation, which will furely overwhelm her with shame, and complete the triumph of Rizambo, who is now coming up, unless you procure my hat, which your master has got possession of."

" Never fear, Signore," replied she. "I'll do for Gloomy-face, I warrant you."

The fears of the fervants proving a heavy drawback on their alacrity, a total darkness still prevailed. Fearing she should have no opportunity of privately securing the hat in her master's custody, Bianca bounced against Rizambo, who was groping about for the chamber-door, and snatched off his hat.

"Why do you come without a light?" faid he, gruffly, and staggering by the shock. She made no reply, but ran off with it to the count, informing him of her stratagem, which, she hoped, would make

Marco

Marco believe that Rizambo was the fecret

"Ha! well done, indeed," faid Novini, flipping his purse into her hand, and desiring her to prevent his rival from coming higher up.

Bianca promised to do her best, locked the door, and returned to Maddalena's

chamber, with loud lamentations.

Gonsalvo, eager for the important discovery, entered the chamber, where the domestics soon arrived with lights, and armed with various kitchen utensils.

Marco now ventured to peep from his hiding place. Observing his servants' war-like appearance, he acquired so much courage, that he advanced into the middle of the room. To Maddalena's great astonishment, he still retained Novini's hat in his hand.

"Where is the enemy now?" faid he.
"Have the dogs taken to their ships?
Saint Mark never failed me yet."

"The enemy!" repeated Maddalena.
"Dear father, what enemy are you speaking of?"

"The Mahometan Infidels. I fear no other enemy, bleffed be Saint Mark! ex-

cept the devil. But where's the fire? Who was in this room? and who ?"

" Oh," faid Rizambo, farcastically, "make yourself easy, honest man. There are neither Insidels nor fire to alarm you. The whole is a stratagem of mine to detect a midnight plunderer."

"Ha!" exclaimed Marco, turning towards Rizambo, who was standing near the door to prevent his rival's escape, " is that your highness? Don't stand there, Pally-logus. My enemy is in the house you say, and I believe your nobility's

right; tor, as true as I am alive, I did hear fomebody's voice, and that fame somebody, that is, if it was nobody else, lest this hat in my hand this very moment."

This confirmed Gonfalvo's suspicions, and added fresh suel to his revenge.

"What!" cried he, " a man at this hour in your daughter's bed-chamber! Shall I now degrade myself by——but let us drag to punishment the base practiser against your honour and my own peace."

"There is no fear of finding him," replied Marco, looking earnestly at Rizambo's uncovered head. "Your nobility's the man, and the hat must be yours, being as how it can belong to nobody elic, because I took it off with my own hands."

During this speech, Maddalena, apprehensive of too close an explanation, withdrew with Bianca, who informed her where the count had retired, and that all might yet be carried off triumphantly,

You are much mistaken," replied Rizambo with great vexation. "I lost my hat as I came into this room, from one of your careless domestics stumbling against me in the dark. Undoubtedly it is yet remaining at the entrance."

"We shall see, your honour, we shall see," replied Marco, approaching the staircase with a light; but no hat was there to be seen.

"Some one has taken it up," faid

All the fervants there affembled denied any knowledge of it, he continued exclaiming, while he stamped with passion.

"Very amazing! Very amazing indeed! Cursed artful! Marco, you are grossly imposed upon. That is Novini's hat, and I shall yet detect him. Let your servants watch below, while we search the rooms above."

"By all means, your highness, by all means," said Marco with a smile; his spirits, on discovering there was no reason to fear the Insidels, rising in proportion to their recent depression. The party accordingly ascended to the room in which the count had taken refuge. Bianca, who had rejoined them, gave all up for lost. Desirous of gaining time, she pretended to have mislaid the key; but Rizambo imagining he heard some person in the room, and that his turn of triumph was come, placed his soot against the door and burst it open.

"Now I'll shew you the traitor," cried he, rushing into the room with his sword drawn. His mortification was, however, extreme, on finding the room vacant, the window wide open, and a ladder reclining against the wall.

"I hope, Marco, you are now convinced of the injustice of your suspicions, said he, leading him to the window.

But Marco's sentiments were not to be so easily changed. The hat he had seized behind the bed, and Rizambo's appearing bareheaded the very moment after, overpowered all the arguments and protestations of his intended son in-law. "you're a funny noble. Your royal blood makes you so deep and full of stratagem, that I'm not fit to hold the candle to you. Who would believe, to look at your nobility through the day, that you could be so clever and frolicsome at night? Odds boddikins! you're like the man in the moon, being as how you shine best in the dark, ha, ha!"

"So!" faid Rizambo, almost speechless with passion, "you still believe that I am the person from whom you snatched the hat?"

"Certain, quite certain of it, my dear noble. Now do confess? You see I'm not to be cheated by your pretended vexation; nor am I angry, because it shews the excess of your love for my poor Maddalena, which I did not think had been in you, till the dark displayed it, I mean when the candles came in."

Here Rizambo appealed to the servants if they had not admitted him a sew minutes before; but they, enjoying his consussion, and finding that to savour him would be detrimental to Maddalera, and the count di Novini, whom they all loved, replied, that they

they had opened the door, but that the darkness prevented them from identifying the persons who entered.

"Rascals!" said Rizambo, "you are all in the conspiracy. But my servant is below, he will give a different testimony."

"I warrant your nobility has given him him his cue," faid Marco.

"You had much better confess, Signore," added Bianca, with a smile. "I assure you my master has too much wisdom to be thus deceived."

"No, thank God! I don't want wifdom. I should be a fool if I did," said. Marco exultingly.

"Neither your master nor myself requires your impertinent observations," said Rizambo.

"No, that we do not, please your highness that is to be. What use for observations, when 'tis as plain as a pike-staff that you could never come so pat to this room, being an entire stranger to it, because you were never here before, and so readily discover the ladder, if you had not first come in at the window. Those that hide can find, you know."

« Must

"Must I again repeat," said Rizambo indignantly, "that your conjectures are erroneous. Would a person of my rank stoop to such vile enterprizes, or defend himself by mean subtersuges? This would suit the character of the low-minded Novini, but would it sit, I say, would it sit me to—"

"Oh!" interrupted Marco, "l'll soon try whether it fits you or not," and, in his present exuberance of spirits, clapped Novini's hat on the head of Rizambo, adding with a laugh, "If the cap fits, put it on you know, Pallylogus."

At this unlooked-for action, Rizambo, already foaming with indignation at the fuccessful escape of his rival, and that the disgrace intended for him should recoil on his own head, lost all command of himself, jerked the hat out of the window, and ran down stairs. Nothing but the seasonable remembrance of Marco's wealth and his own enthralments, prevented him from chastising the honest merchant, who, repenting of having made so free with so dignified a personage, and fearing he should never be a duke's father-in-law, sollowed him, saying with great humility,

" I hope

"Depend upon my appearance in the morning," replied Rizambo. "I shall then prove how grossly you have been imposed upon by a villain. Now is the time for vergeance. I may yet overtake him. Ludovico, follow me."

These last alarming words caught the ear of Maddalena, who was listening in trembling apprehension at the window above.

"Oh!" cried she, "may heaven prevent their meeting! Holy Virgin! protect the gallant Novini!"

Anxious, yet dreading what the morning might produce, she passed the remainder of the night in great uneasiness. Wild and terrifying images haunted her imagination

tion, and rendered her slumbers short and unrefreshing.

CHAP. IV.

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs, What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

POPE.

IT may now be necessary to account for Novini's safe retreat from the chamber in which he was left by the good-natured Bianca. When Vignolo found it impossible to prevent his friend's imprudent enterprize, he returned to the countess, who was overcome with fears of some satal catastrophe: Ever ready to comfort the unhappy, he offered to go immediately to the city, and use every means in his power for her darling son's preservation. His offer was gratefully accepted.

Accompanied by a faithful domestic, he fet out for Naples, where he arrived soon after the count. He was proceeding to Rizambo's to discover if he was at home, when he suddenly recognised him in the Strada di Soledo. Well acquainted with his unsociable temper, and believing that if

he cautioned him to avoid Novini, it would only accelerate their meeting, he passed aside without notice. Determining, however, to observe if he were going homeward, he followed for fome time; the lighted tapers placed by the hand of superstition before some favourite saint or madona, enabling him to keep him in view without raising suspicion. To his great surprize, Rizambo fuddenly stopped before Marco's house. While attempting to account for this, every faculty was roused by the cry of " Fire! fire!" He hastened forward, but perceiving no figns of burning, remained at a small distance, bewildered at the apparent mystery.

Novini after being locked in by the faithful Abigail, stood at the window in hopes of inducing some person to place the ladder for him to descend, but the house being considerably detached from other buildings, the alarm had not spread. He heard Rizambo's voice on the stairs and gave all up for lost. At this momentous crisis Vigonolo appeared. The count accosted him, discovered his friend, and besought his affistance. Vignolo, assisted by his servant, instantly reared the ladder, and Novini was

in a moment at the bottom. So critical was the escape, that the hat which was thrown out of the window fell at Novini's feet. He took it up, and lest Rizambo's in its place, hoping, if known, it would encrease his rival's perplexity. They met with no obstruction to their retreat, owing to Ludovico's ignorance of his master's design, and his having fearfully skulked to the extremity of the passage. As they reached the suburbs, the count, elated by success, declared his intention of returning to have another conversation with Maddalena, as ne had

forgotten to give her some very important advice. Vignolo here painted in strong colours the glaring impropriety of such conduct, and the affliction his mother suffered on account of his absence. Such powerful arguments being aided by the thoughts of executing that design he had hinted to Maddalena concerning Rizambo's portrait, which he still retained, he relinquished his absurd resolution.

Rizambo pursued his rival for some time in the road which he supposed him to have taken, but soon gave up his pursuit as hopeless. He then became cool enough to inquire

quire of his attendant if he had feen any perfon lurking near D'Ossuna's.

"No, Signore," replied Ludovico.—
"I faw no living foul; but if I had known your defign, I would have placed the ladder below the window before you gave the alarm, and, when your enemy was at the top, made him take the lover's leap to the bottom."

"Truly that might have answered well. It is now, however, too late to repine, and there are other ways to avenge my wrongs."

Ever rapid in execution, Novini, as foon as he had made his peace with the countefs, which her affection rendered a task of little difficulty, slew to his chamber, and sat down to copy, but not servilely, Rizambo's portrait. Having decorated the copy with the imperial insignia, and inscribed it with the name of Paleologus, he surveyed the transformation with much complacency.

"Yes," thought he, as he laid himself down to rest, "I will present this to the credulous Marco, as the portrait of a Mahometan emperor; then if he believe Rizambo is of the Insidel race, superstition will prevent him from Tacrificing his daughter. It is but fair to lead him to a good action by making one prejudice balance the other."

Early the following morning he went to put this plan in execution, when the fervant who opened the door informed him that he had orders not to admit him.

- "Not admit me!" said the count, starting, and suspecting that Maddalena had revealed his nocturnal adventure. "Do you know who I am?"
- "Yes, Signore. But I must obey my master."
- "Well, well, my good fellow, I shall not dispute your orders, though I have come on purpose to save your master and his daughter from destruction."

"Oh, the Virgin!" faid the man, shuddering with apprehension. "If you can save my young lady, woe be to him that keeps you back."

Marco was impatiently waiting for Rizambo, to clear up the mysterious confusion of the preceding night, and endeavouring to frame a fine apology for whatever rudeness he might have offered, when Novini entered without ceremony.

" How

"How do you do, this morning, my old boy?" faid he, clapping him familiarly on the shoulder.

The simple merchant, whose eloquence was wholly deranged by this unexpected intrusion, stammered out, "I a-a-am very well, but I thought your honour had been somebody else. I am surprized how, that is, in what manner you got in."

"Got in! Why by the door to be fure. Would you have me climb in at the window?"

"Ah!" faid the count, dropping his lively tone, "I have called thus foon on purpose to reveal to you a most important secret. I would have come last right, but I could not think of disturbing your repose."

"Your honour's very good, yet you need not have scrupled to waken me, that is, if I was asseep—I am now convinced that Novini was not here last night, and that the hat was Rizambo's" muttered he

to himself. "Yet how obstinate he was! By Saint Mark! he almost deceived me."

The count, though pretty well affured of what was paffing in Marco's thoughts, took no notice, but proceeded with his well-framed tale.

"One of the knights of Saint John of Jerusalem, resident at Rhodes, informs me by letter, that the bloody Mahomet, Emperor of Constantinople, not content with destroying the Eastern, breathes vengeance against the Western church, and is now fitting out a mighty armament for the invasion of Italy. He vows he will never lay down his arms until the crescent gleam on the dome of Saint Peter's, and the tiara of our most holy father give place to the turban."

This intelligence was so interesting to Marco, that he remained mute with astonishment; his daughter, Rizambo, every thing was forgotten.

"Ah!" faid he, fighing heavily, "this is bad news indeed, being as how it is not good to lofe all we have, and our lives and religion into the bargain. I have long feared this. No longer ago than last night I thought the cursed insidels were plunder-

ing the city, burning the convents, ravishing the virgins, that is, the nuns, and, what was far worse, breaking the images, and profaning the holy relics. I actually, please your honour, rose from my bed to oppose them with my prayers, as all my servants, and my daughter also can witness."

"Oh, I have no doubt of your speaking the truth; yet it is very amazing, I must confess. Your alarm is either a proof of your foresight, or a foreboding, a prophecy, a-a-a kind of secret revelation, as it were,

from some protecting faint."

Marco, who, like most in that darkened age, would have thought it the grossest impiety to doubt of Saint Anthony's preaching to the fishes, or of the migrations of the holy house of Loretto, eagerly adopted the

count's suggestion.

"Nothing is more likely, please your nobility," said he, "and I wonder I never thought on't before. This protecting saint can be no other than the thrice blessed Saint Mark, who, in gratitude for my numerous prayers, has revealed this abominable enterprize. Besides, I have been his namesake ever since I was a mere child, and, please the Virgin, will continue fo till my dying day."

"True, you have certainly discovered your kind informer. But, Marco, do you think it probable that the Infidels would attempt the invasion of our country if they were not favoured by some Christian prince?"

"What! Signore, a holy catholic Christian encourage those turban'd hell-hounds! No, no, that can never be, because I think it impossible. Such horrid impiety has not been either seen or heard since the world began, at least not by me."

The count eagerly catching at the opening he had gradually prepared to introduce the picture without fuspicion, replied,

"No, my dear Marco, it is not impossible. You think every one as honest as yourself. Was not Paleologus, emperor of Constantinople, a constant savourer of the Mahometans? But for him the cross might, perhaps, have yet adorned that noble city. Did not he allow them to sell naked Christians in the public market place, and even marry his own daughter to a bloody enemy of our infallible church? Indeed he was in some measure excusable,

for I understand he did not believe in our Most Holy Father the Pope."

"Then he must have been a monster, worse than the Waldenses or Albigenses, or yet that heretic Wickliff the Englishman. I warrant he was a Mahometan in his heart. I wonder there was not a judgment from Heaven, or blessed Saint Mark, upon the blasshemous wretch. For my part, your honour, if I was not to believe in our Most Holy Father, and count my beads four or five times a day, I should be afraid of finding myself dead in the morning. A thing I should not like, I assure you, Signore."

"Surely, my dear Marco," replied the count, highly amused at his vehemence, and odd combination of words, "surely you cannot have lived so long without observing that, in this world at least, punishment is not always inflicted on the first offender, but is often reserved for his posterity.—Recollect the second commandment, 'I will visit the sins of the father upon the children unto the third and sourth generations!'

"Oh, that's true, too true! You have opened my eyes to the rock on which I might

might have been foon fwallowed up. But are you fure, most noble Signore, that is, quite certain, that the villain emperor's name was Pally-logus?"

"There can be no doubt of that. I believe I have his portrait in my pocket. See, (shewing the copy he had just taken) whom do you think the apostate is like?"

"Like? like? Let me fee; why, mercy! the nose is as like Rizambo's as one pea's like another, if I'm not mistaken."

- "Why faith, Marco, now you mention it, I do think there is a little, a very little refemblance."
- fee it has the very arch? It is as like one my Maddalena has, as if one had been copied from the other, always excepting the crown and sceptre, and the purple robe; yet these, you know, cannot alter the cut of the face. Oh, Signore! Signore! your discovery has saved me and my dear child from the vengeance of the third and sourth generations. When and where do you think they will land, that is, if they come in ships? Ah! had that wonderful cham-

vol. I. D pion

pion * George Castriot, the Albanian prince, been now alive, he would have peppered their jackets for them. Please Saint Mark! I'll leave Naples this very night, and go nearer the Most Holy Father."

"No, my dear Marco, by no means remove from this place, left you should rush into greater danger. Besides, is it not extremely probable that Saint Mark may soon favour his faithful namesake with another foreboding, by which you may regulate your suture proceedings?"

"True, very true, your honour. Nothing is more likely. I wonder I did not think of it; I certainly should have hit on it first, if you, Signore, had not hindered me, by speaking before me."

He was earnestly endeavouring to trace the characters of perfidy, cruelty, and impiety in the countenance of the pretended Paleologus, when a servant entered and announced Rizambo. Scowling malignantly at his gay rival, he approached Marco, and cursorily glancing at the miniature, said, with assumed indifference,

^{*} More generally known by the name of Scanderbeg.

[&]quot; A Roman

"A Roman emperor, I presume; is it an antique?" and all all an antique?"

"I neither know nor care, Signore, whether it be old or new. I had it from his nobility there, who tells me it is the likeness of a Judas Mahometan, who allowed the abominable Infidels to fell his fellow Christians in the market, stript stark naked as ever they were born, being as how none come into the world with their clothes on. He also gave his daughter to one of their blood-thirfty warriors. In fhort, this is the great Pally-logus of Constantinople; but if I had ten thousand daughters, mind me, ten thousand, by holy Mark! not one of the descendants of that impious unbeliever should ever have one of them."

Rizambo was greatly irritated at this unaccountable address, but surprise prevented him from interrupting it. He now examined the portrait, and at once discerned the resemblance to that which he had sat for at Pisa. Believing that it had been altered by Novini to break off the intended alliance, he meditated a severe retaliation.

"Well may your honour look at it," faid Marco. "I don't wonder, that is, I'm not furprifed it takes your fancy fo much; like loves like. You would not own the hat last night, and yet it was yours, for the count di Novini, there standing, would not disturb me out of my sleep, although he had a secret of vast importance to trust me with. So you see 'tis as plain as any thing that it could not be his, and therefore—"

"Cease, honest friend," said Rizambo, "you are most grossly deceived. I shall not leave this house till my suspicions relative to this picture, and the affair of last night are satisfactorily cleared up. My honour and dignity demand a severe scrutiny. With regard to the villain who was secreted, no doubt for the basest purpose, in your daughter's chamber, I hope to adduce such proofs of his identity as shall convince you of my innocence, in spite of the unmanly arts by which you have been prepossessed against me."

"No doubt," faid the count meeringly,
when the virtues of the immaculate
Rizambo emerge from their dark retreat,
the world will yield them the same applause

ie has so liberally bestowed on his œconomy and wisdom."

"We are not now met," faid the enraged Rizambo, "to dispute about either wisdom or folly, though your talents for buffoonery render you an able advocate for the latter. I insist, Signore, upon knowing why you disguised this portrait, and also why you presumed to enter clandestinely the private apartment of this worthy man?"

"Suppose, most noble Signore, I choose not to answer questions urged with so much haughtiness. Your magisterial air may gain a momentary respect from the vulgar, but to me, it only evinces mistrust of your own wonderful qualifications."

"Is it for you," faid Rizambo disdainfully, "to asperse my character, my honour, or my birth, ere you have cleared your own from obloquy?"

"Oh! no! Far be such profaneness from me. I feel the most profound reverence for your royal descent, and don't wonder you and my good friend here so highly prize it. Your dignissed air, your dazzling wit, your profound understanding, may vanish in a moment from a blow on the skull, but your noble birth remains

for life. You cannot lose that at the gaming-table."

by a pert profligate school-boy!" cried Rizambo, fiercely advancing towards his sprightly rival.

"Dear, good, worthy nobles! Valiant gentlemen!" faid Marco, interpoling, "don't be in a passion! Pray to holy Mark for patience. Should you run one another through the body, your precious souls will be ruined for everlasting. Consider how soon the bloody Insidels may come and destroy you."

"D-n the Infidels!" cried Rizambo.

" Amen! Amen!" rejoined Marco.

"So be it," faid the count. "Yet I think he ought not to have surfed his high and mighty progenitors."

"My progenitors! What do you mean by that?"

"I mean your royal ancestor, the great Paleologus. But prythee be cool. Your calm, dignified gravity much better becomes you."

"I require your daughter's presence," faid Rizambo. "Her confession, I doubt not, will convince you of that mountebank's contrivances

contrivances to defeat an alliance once fo agreeable to yourself, and which I expected would complete the happiness of both families."

This plaufible address rather softened Marco in his favour.

daughter," faid he. "Poor thing! she was sadly frightened last night, not having the courage to support a surprize like a man, that is, her father, because she is of a different sex. But don't murder one another when my back's turned. If you do, I swear by Saint Mark, the survivor, though he live to the age of Methusalem, shall never be my son-in-law. So be quiet, your honours, I'll soon return with Maddalena and make her confess to her honoured father, who is the villain. I still think Pally-logus is the grand deceiver."

Pally-logus!" repeated the count, and laughed aloud.

- "You ought, at least, to restrain your mirth till you have insured a triumph," said Rizambo.
- "Oh, you grow warm! Shall I open the window to cool your royal blood?"
 - " My royal blood!"

fince Marco, like most who have the honour of knowing your highness, is ignorant of your other good qualities."

Rizambo, " fo much affurance as to speak of good qualities? One who is known throughout all Naples for—"

of insolence," added the count hastily.

"Say rather, for a betrayer of innocence. Did you not creep into this house like a serpent, and when detected skulk meanly away to escape the punishment your insidious enterprise deserved?"

Novini, apprehensive that Marco's return with Maddalena would discover his late stratagems, now determined to exasperate Rizambo to an instant decision of their pretensions.

"Be affured," faid he, "that I will fatisfy you in all these points when you are my confessor, an office for which your demure aspect peculiarly fits you. Faith! Signore, when you shall see your solemn phiz enveloped in a cowl, you will be of my opinion, and never quit so becoming an ornament. To you, all the ancient ladies

ladies in Naples will eagerly flock to confess their frailties; nay, I'm very much mistaken if Maddalena will not think you more suitably employed in sumbling your beads, kissing your rosary, and mumbling your pater-nosters, than sitting for your picture, climbing ladders "like a serpent," or sighing like a pair of bellows. Eh! what say you?"

"Say?" cried Rizambo, laying his hand on his sword, and advancing with an enflamed countenance, "I say a buffoon shall soon find I can wield sharper weapons."

"Whenever you please, most mighty emperor!" said the count, drawing his sword with apparent indifference. "Come! where will your highness choose to be pinked? Through the left arm, or the right? In the neck, the breast, or the heart?"

"Yes, through the heart," cried Rizambo, in a convulsion of passion, making at the same instant a desperate lunge. Novini, however, providentially leaped aside and avoided the deadly blow. Disappointed in his aim, his furious rival staggered a few paces forward and fell to the ground.

At that moment of difgraceful defeat the

the trembling Maddalena, led by her father, entered the apartment. Observing Novini smiling, and imagining none could appear so unconcerned if aught serious had taken place, Marco, although somewhat startled at the display of drawn swords, exclaimed with a half-laughing, half-surprised countenance,

"Hollo! What's the matter now? Has Pally-logus fainted away, or has he lost his hat again? Upon my word a gallant no-bleman!"

"Oh," faid the count sportively, "his royal honours are so weighty he cannot support them."

Roused to a pitch of frenzy at Novini's second triumph, and his own disgraceful exposure before the eyes of his fair mistress, Rizambo rushed suriously on his rival, and stabbed him in the side as he was paying his compliments to Maddalena.

"Cowardly villain!" exclaimed the count, making a thrust at his antagonist. His sword entered Rizambo's shoulder, and both fell to the ground.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Maddalena, and fainted by the side of her bleeding lover. Poor Marco, overcome with horror, hung

over his daughter, wringing his hands and shouting like one distracted. Ludovico, who was waiting below, and Marco's whole household, alarmed by the uproar, now entered the scene of carnage. Rizambo, who was apparently less hurt than his opponent, was instantly led off by his servant. He vowed never to resign his pretensions.

Affisted by the usual remedies, Maddalena awoke to recollection. Perceiving the blood still flowing, she uttered an ejaculation of despair, and tore off her linen to flay the fanguinary stream. This action of love awakened Marco to a fense of his duty. A celebrated French furgeon, lately fettled in Naples, was immediately fent for. He faid he could not then afcertain whether the wound was mortal, but that the patient's youth and constitution afforded well-founded hopes of a favourable termination. Representing a removal as dangerous, a bed was fitted up for Novini in the adjoining room. Maddalena for some time persisted in her resolution of watching by his bed-side, but the furgeon's perfuafions at length induced her to withdraw.

" Every

"Every violent emotion," faid he, "will increase my patient's danger, and if he behold you, what can prevent such from arising? Your presence," added the gallant Frenchman, "I feel, can raise a tumult even in the veins of age!"

A draught was soon after administered to Novini, which closed his eyes in sleep. Maddalena, with a palpitating heart, then retired to her chamber, and kneeling down before an image of the Virgin, implored her lover's deliverance from the grasp of death. Her love, of which, till now, she knew not the power, mingled with her prayers, and inspired them with such unusual servour, that a saint might have wished to catch the glowing strains of piety flowing from her lips.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style, Amaze th' unlearned, and make the learned smile. Pope.

INTELLIGENCE of the count's misfortune soon reached the castle of Novini. The distressed counters now seared that the sad forebodings of maternal love were at length accomplished, and set out with a heavy heart for Marco's, attended by the worthy Vignolo.

Beatrice was too busily engaged in weaving the adventures of the divine Celia, to accompany them. She however, soon afterwards laid aside her manuscript, and sollowed their example, though not wholly from the like amiable motives. Recollecting that it was necessary to the plot of her immortal work, that a brutal ravisher should force the heroine from her sather's castle, and that her lover should be dangerously wounded in preserving her honour, she resolved to embrace the present opportunity of collecting, from the life, a few striking

ftriking embellishments; hoping that the recital of the bloody combat, her nephew's deplorable situation, and the affliction of Maddalena, would furnish to her discerning eye, such beautiful description, such pathetic lamentation, such interesting situations as would ensure the universal applause of every lover of nature.—Hastily paying her respects to the countess, who was overwhelmed with grief, she turned to Vignolo.

"Ah!" faid she, "where have you deposited my beloved nephew? Lead me to the Golgotha chamber, the tremendous scene of death!"

On her promising to preserve an inviolable silence, this request, after some hesitation, was granted.

"What affection the poor lady has! she beats us all at mourning. Neither his own mother, nor his intended bride, that is, if he gets better, nor even my ownself when my wife died, ever spoke so lamentably."

Such were the reflections of Marco as he followed the romantic Beatrice on tiptoe to the "Golgotha chamber." Softly opening the curtains, she examined her nephew's pallid countenance with the most scrutinising attention. Unmindful of Marco, who

who stared in surprise at her odd motions and affected gestures, she took out her tablets, and sketched the following animated description for her favourite work:

"Ye heavenly powers! is there a pencil fo fkilful, a tongue fo eloquent, as to describe that foul-petrifying horror which, like the everlafting fnows on the lofty Alps, chilled the charming fair on beholding the ghastly face of her wounded lover, extended on the fatal couch? None! none ! none! It would require the voice of a feraph, and the glowing pen of angels. Cold perspiration hung in large drops on his polished ivory forehead; his eyes, lately beaming with the pure light of love, and splendid as the radiant diamonds of Golconda, now appeared like a light fcum on the surface of a clear lake; and Death, cruel inexorable Death! flood leaning forward to put them out entirely with his dreadful dart. At this heart-rending spectacle, the fair Celia remained filent and cold as a statue. Like another Niobe, she would have been petrified by grief, had not her snowy bosom heaved by heavy fighs, and torrents of briny tears poured like a cataract from her bright orbs, and relieved her o'ercharged heart. Once indulged, the crystal stream flowed in such profusion, as might have extinguished the flames of Mount Versusius in the midst of an eruption!!"

So fatisfied was the fair composer, with this sublime flight into the regions of hyperbolic nonsense, that she closed the memorandums with a look highly expressive of self-applause.

Marco, struck with her singular proceedings, now approached, and, leading her to the door, said, in a low voice,

- "Madam, I beg, that is, intreat, for I have too much money to beg, that you will pardon my boldness in asking whether you have been writing down a receipt for his nobility's wound, as many doctors, I mean old women, have great skill in the virtues of simples gathered when the moon's at the full."
- "Honest man," replied Beatrice, rather contemptuously, "when I shall be an old woman, you may talk of simples. At present, the only simple I know of kind Nature's produce, is thyself."
- "No offence, I hope, Signora. I only thought you could not have so blithe a countenance, after scribbling, if it had not been

been to cure your dear nephew, being as how I myself, when I lived at Venice, have sat at the desk writing from morning to night and never found it delightful."

" I dare say not," replied Beatrice

fmiling.

"I wish to know then, Signora, the cause, that is, the reason, of your forrow being so soon changed to joy. Dear homoured lady! if that writing contains a holy charm allowed by the church, for I'll have nothing to do with the works of the devil, let me have it to cheer my poor child."

"Yes, friend, it is a charm of most powerful efficacy; but it is reserved for posterity. I trust it will soothe the sorrows of

the ten thousandth generation."

Marco looked aftonishment.

"I fee," continued she, "you still wonder at my gaiety, while my nephew is
wounded. But am I, on that account, to
outrage Nature by resisting her joyful emotions? Art thou now to be informed that
calamities are not always real missorfortunes, but only bear the resemblance of
them? Every missortune incident to this
sublunary world, is advantageous to some
individual.

individual, nay often to the apparently unhappy fufferer himfelf."

" May be fo, may be fo, madam. For my part, I'm no very great fcholar, and therefore cannot laugh while others cry.-Whenever my poor Maddalena is weeping, before ever I know what I'm about, God help me! I feel the tears running down my cheeks. You should, however, consider, learned Signora, that your dear nephew may never rise from his bed alive, that is, he may die."

" Well, friend, Nature must have her course. She often makes ample compenfation to fome for what the takes from others. Know, honest man, that though the sharp-pointed steel may cause my nephew's speedy dissolution, it yet may make me live for ever."

" How! noble lady," cried Marco, starting, "live for ever! By Saint Mark and the Virgin! that's the strangest thing ever I heard of fince the bleffed day of my birth, my meaning is, fince I had the fense to understand what was said to me, for before that, every thing I heard was nothing to me. Why I never knew any Christian live for ever, except indeed the Wandering Jew; yet even he, old as he is, has not lived for ever; being as how all your old faints and patriarchs, your Abrahams, Isaacs, and Jacobs lived before him, aye, I warrant more than an hundred years. 'Tis impossible you can be the Wandering Jew, because you are the count's own aunt, and what's more, you have no beard."

"Oh, blind mortal!" faid Beatrice with supreme contempt.

"What! you have one then!" cried Marco, popping his head under her veil. "By holy Mark! I cannot fee a fingle hair, but mayhap the ——"

"Poor, filly, perverse mortal, how obtuse are thy intellectual optics! Thou art ten thousand times blinder than the earth-piercing mole. Art thou so short-sighted as not to perceive that I mean to live for ever in immortal same, like ancient Homer and Virgil, and our own tender Petrarch, and the enchanting Dante? Ever fresh and blooming are their laurel crowns."

"Oh, lady! lady!" faid Marco, in a fympathifing accent. "I'm neither for blind as the earth-piercing mole, nor yet short-fighted. Pray to Saint Mark, lady, pray to Saint Mark."

He was turning away with a look strongly expressive of our poet's "Bless thy five
wits," when Beatrice desired him to lead
her to the "lists where the terrible combat
commenced." Marco accordingly conducted her to the parlour, which, to her
great satisfaction, was still discoloured with
blood, and, at her request, began to relate
the particulars of the rencontre.

this very fpot speaking to Rizambo, never thinking he would fight, because he was so merry. I cannot tell you, Signora, how they provoked one another when my back was turned, being as how I was not there, and cannot be in two places at once—When I went for my child, I bade them pray to Saint Mark for patience; and if they had followed my advice, I'm certain there would have been no blood spilt; for my namesake is a special saint at protecting quiet people. On coming back, I opened the door as I do now."

He opened the door as he spoke, and took to his heels, searing, as he afterwards confessed to Vignolo, that the wild noble lady who delighted in combats, should do him a mischief.

"I affure you," replied he, " the lady is perfectly harmlefs."

That may be, Signore; yet, as she fancied the death of her nephew would make her live for ever, I fancied, that, if she thought my death would make her live longer, my life would be in danger; and I did not choose, Signore, nor ever will, unless I change my mind, to die till my time's come, because to do otherwise would be all the same as self-murder, which is an unlawful crime."

In a few weeks, Novini was declared out of danger, provided no imprudence on his part occasioned a relapse. This diffused universal satisfaction through the house. The very domestics rejoiced, so great a favourite was he become on account of his liberality and condescension. Maddalena, above all affectation, took no pains to conceal her ecstacy at this happy event. With pleasure the countess witnessed her affectionate warmth, and wished her fon might prove himfelf worthy of her hand. She fondly hoped that her simplicity of manner, goodness of heart, and uncommon beauty, would for ever fix his wandering inclinations, and render his prefent attachment to a life of domestic tranquillity permanent.—
Beatrice, also, when more intimately acquainted with Maddalena's worth, was inclined to pardon her indelicacy in so soon confessing her attachment. She, however, wished to defer the nuptials till her nephew had given undoubted proofs of his constancy, and signalized himself by some daring atchievement.

One day when the count had so far recovered as to be able to sit up, Beatrice,
thinking this a desirable opportunity of
hearing an account of the combat, desired
him to indulge her ardent curiosity. Guessing her motive, he recounted his adventures in the true style of bombast, and at the
same time with so much humour and vivacity, as were deemed infallible tokens of
his speedy recovery. His delight when relating the stratagem concerning Rizambo's
portrait, was, however, far from pleasing to
Vignolo.

"It is with concern," faid he, on being left alone with his friend, "that I find you have descended to the low arts of cunning for the attainment of your wishes, nay, are even pleased at the recollection, From your spirited, generous temper, open, and somewhat

fomewhat unguarded manners, far different fruits might have been expected. Indeed I am constrained to consess that, in the present instance, your conduct is more dishonourable than Rizambo's."

Novini, "always grave, always fevere, always censuring some harmless frolic. Egad! had you flourished in the time of Cato, you might have eclipsed his renown for cynical manners and austere morality. Compared to you, that splenetic censor must surely have appeared as a soft self-indulgent Sybarite. But, jesting apart, I wish to be informed why you so severely reprehend a little artisse? Is it not better to turn the arms of Vice against her own breast, than to stand idly by and witness her triumph?"

"We ought not" replied Vignolo, "to commit evil, that good may ensue. Such weapons cannot be handled without defilement, and may even prove satal as the arms of Hercules."

"Then should it be necessary to the success of any undertaking, to employ either open force or artifice, you hold it more honourable to adopt the former expedient."

" Undoubtedly.

Why does the general suffrage of mankind give to the lion the appellation of noble and generous? Only because he distains to lurk for his prey, and openly rouses his enemy to the attack. Cunning is always a proof of weakness."

" I agree to that position only as it relates to corporal strength; for stratagem often displays great vigour of mind, and proves the superiority of reason. I still think a victory, gained by the patient exercife of the understanding and deliberate judgment has a greater claim to approbation, than one acquired by mere brutal strength. Have not the operations of the mind ever been held superior to those of the body? Did not the artful resources of Fabius fave his country; and are not they mentioned with applaufe by every hiftorian? Now why fhould a fagacious individual be condemned for outwitting his private and more powerful enemy, when, for a fimilar conduct, collective bodies are applauded ?"

"The reason, my dear friend, is surely too obvious to have escaped your penetration. In the common intercourse of so-

ciety,

ciety, who expects to find deception or violence in every person he meets? But if one man were to fay to his opponent, · Come, let us try who will conquer in a contest where strength and artifice shall be equally allowable, the defeated party could not juftly complain of circumvention. Now, fuch an agreement virtually enfues in every national contest; consequently stratagems in war are not only lawful but honourable. By your reasoning, the brave soldier who courageously ventures his own life to deftroy his antagonist, and the lurking, dastardly, felf-fecure villain, who fprings unawares upon his enemy, would be equally entitled to our approbation. Cunning, I repeat it, is not only a proof of weakness but cowardice."

"You well know," faid Novini hastily, that none can suspect me of cowardice, and that I detest a mean action as much as yourself; yet it requires greater powers of reasoning than you have yet discovered to convince me, that when a city is surprised, and given up to the ravages of a licentious soldiery, less guilt is incurred than by the simple assassin, or petty midnight plunderer. Waving that point, surely if a person you. I.

detect another plotting against his happiness, he is then authorised to repel the attempt by fimilar methods? Such was my cale. Was not Rizambo's allegation of his royal descent a stratagem to wound me in the tenderest point?" have the disco-

"The baseness of an enemy cannot justify our own crimes."

"That's another of your confounded maxims which you have always ready to pop out on every occasion. I find I must remove my cause into the court of Love, where all stratagems are accounted lawful, and my dear Maddalena shall be umpire between us. Yes, Vignoli! her sweet lips shall pronounce thy sentence. Why that smile? Do you think love inspires folly?"

" If I should, it would only be conformable with the general faying, 'A man of fense, when in love, acts like a fool."

" Friend, your old saws are at times devilish seyere. Pity but the converse were true, that a fool, when in love, speaks like a man of sense. It might then be advantageous, both to your friends and yourself, that you fell in love as soon as when the said well, possible."

Well, count, I excuse your reply, because I know a successful repartee, or, at least, what you may think such, will refresh you more than all the cordials in the apothecary's shop. I shall not, therefore, lessen your satisfaction by any more musty moral sentences, but leave you to enjoy it in silence. Adio, mi caro amico!"

viav ai salac H A'P. VI.

Conla ft thou consent to wrong such innocence?

DARCE

FAR from endeavouring to renew his brother's affection by relinquishing his vicious pursuits, Rizambo, ere his wound was well healed, began to arrange a plan for securing Maddalena, while his daring rival's confinement rendered such an attempt practicable. The danger was however averted from the unsuspecting victim by an unexpected circumstance. Ere his dark machinations had come to maturity, Ludovico received a letter from his brother, who lived with the duke di Rizambo. Thinking the contents of great impor-

tance, he hastened with the letter to his master. With unusual emotion he read the following paragraph.

"Dear Ludovico, in my next I expect to send you the most extraordinary intelligence. No less, I assure you, than my master's marriage. A lady in this neighbourhood has certainly formed such a design. She is handsome, unremitting in her attentions, and my master seems easier in her presence; all which make it very likely, particularly as the conduct of his present heir appears to have rooted up all affection."

The great interest he had at issue heightening his sears, Rizambo thought the servant's suggestion more than probable. For, though he knew his brother's sickly constitution, and, more specially, a severe disappointment in the tender passion, were great obstacles to his marriage, yet he dreaded that the decaying embers of a sormer attachment would be rekindled by gratitude, and that, merely to injure his natural heir, he would consign his fortune to a stranger. His first resolution was instantly to visit his brother, in hopes of counteracting the machinations of those

who might be interested in widening the fraternal division. But the insupportable idea that his rival might, in the interval of absence, be united to Maddalena, occurring, he remained irresolute what measures to pursue. At this critical moment of suspence, superstition savoured his views, and gave him hopes of securing at once the objects of his love, his avarice, and his ambition; for Marco, in conformity to his former vow, declared that, whatever should be the consequence, his daughter should not be led to the altar until the day dedicated to Saint Mark.

"Bleffed Mark," faid he, "has been as good a faint to me as ever was born, either among Jews or Gentiles. To him I owe my fortune, my dear child, and, what is more, my deliverance from the bloody Infidels. It is therefore fit I should be grateful, that is, do all I can to please him!"

Ludivico, who had been appointed to procure intelligence, informed his master of this resolution. As near three months yet remained to the anniversary of Saint Mark, Rizambo, trusting he should yet secure his natural inheritance, and disappoint his late antagonist, ordered his horses, and

fet out for his brother's. Wishing to surprize him by this instance of duty, and to prevent his supposed undermining enemy from being prepared for his arrival, he concealed his name and rank, and charged Ludovico, his only attendant, not to reveal them without his permission. How far was he from imagining that this precaution involved the fates of his brother, his rival, and himself, and that it would prove the remote cause of his being poor while legal master of thousands, and a companion of the lowest, while bearing one of the highest titles in the kingdom!

On the evening of the second day's journey, his wound, owing to his eagerness to reach his brother's, burst open, and he was obliged to stop at an obscure village for necessary assistance. An elderly semale of respectable appearance, observing his distress, invited him to her house. He accepted the offer, and was treated with the utmost tenderness by his humane hostess and her niece, an artless girl about seventeen years of age. His extreme uneasiness at this delay, which might deseat his savourite projects, and doom him to endless penury, rendered his wound more difficult to heal

heal than at first. -- When verging towards recovery, neither the painful idea of his brother's marriage, nor the probable fuccess of Novini, could prevent his passions from being roused by the attractions of his blooming attendant. For the most infidious purpofe, he now began to pay her the most marked attention. Totally unacquainted with the ways of the world, and unsuspecting of villany, the artless Juliet liftened with inconceivable avidity to the flattering compliments Rizambo was in the constant habit of repeating while her aunt was absent. -- She had lost her parents in her childhood. The only relatives now remaining were her aunt, and a brother, who in some measure supplied the duty of a father. With him, however, the had little intercourfe, being favoured with his company only once or twice a year. Though this was the most important circumstance which interrupted her monotonous, but not unpleasant manner of life, and though he was ever kind and affectionate, there was an air of mystery about his fituation, which gave rise to undefinable fuspicions, and prevented her from feeling that delight which the prefence of an affectionate E 3

fectionate brother, after a long absence, is fo well calculated to excite.

Having learned, through Ludovico's correspondence with his brother, that the lady, whose assiduous attendance on the duke had so extremely alarmed him, had departed to Sicily, Rizambo determined to remain at the hamlet till within a fortnight of Saint Mark's, which time, he believed, would be sufficient for the execution of his plan against Novini's peace. He now redoubled his attentions to Juliet, and soon became so engaged by her opening charms that he knew not how to resign her.

The near approach of il giorno di Santo Marco at length roused his pride, avarice and revenge, and he prepared to depart for Naples, to separate those hearts which were already united by love. Bidding his hospitable entertainers adieu, and secretly determining not to be long absent, he retracted his former journey, resecting with pleasure on the emotions which Juliet betrayed at his departure.

"Oh," thought he, " if a few months yet remained to Saint Mark's, that interval would confign the lovely Juliet to my arms. But if I fecure Maddalena, and fure-

ly my plan cannot fail, I shall soon revisit my charming rose-bud, and lead her in triumph to the capital."

Passing through the town to which his letters were addressed during his detention at the hamlet, he learned that the countess di Novini had expired a few days before. Confident that this unexpected event would postpone Maddalena's marriage beyond the allotted period, he immediately returned to the village under pretence of finding himfelf still incapable of pursuing his journey, but in reality to resume his villainous design against the simple Juliet. She took no pains to conceal her pleasure at his speedy return. Her fparkling eye and bewitching fmile added fresh fuel to his criminal desires, and greatly increased his self-love. Hitherto his conquests had been owing chiefly to furprize, or the influence of rank; now he believed that his personal attractions were the fole cause of his having made a favourable impression on the heart of his intended victim. Nor was he altogether mistaken. For though his person was not peculiarly attractive, he had the air of a gentleman; and Juliet was caught by, his specious manners, his hypocritical pretences to virtue, his real superiority of understanding

derstanding, and by a course of the most artful flattery. Even his fettled gravity operated in his favour; for fine imputed it to the excess of his love, and langour occafioned by his wound. Notwithstanding such favourable circumstances to the success of Rizambo's criminal design, he found more opposition than he was prepared to expect. Inclined to believe that a knowledge of his rank would have a most powerful effect on a fimple country girl, he ordered his obsequious attendant to mention it to his hoftess, but strictly enjoined him to retain his name still a fecret. Camilla was no fooner informed than she revealed the important intelligence to her niece; who, flattered by having inspired a nobleman with such an attachment to her person, felt unusually elated; and vanity and ambition, for the first time, placed their enchanting mirrors before her.

One afternoon Rizambo accompanied her in an excursive ramble through the neighbourhood. The open-hearted girl, while leading her faithless associate to the beautiful scenes she had long known, heeded not the slight of time, until the shades of evening gathered round. She then expressed

pressed her sears of her aunt's becoming uneasy at her unusual absence, and hurried homewards. Unfortunately for her peace, on passing an elevated spot in sight of her peaceful dwelling, she recollected a favourite bower, designed and partly executed by her brother during his residence in the neighbourhood. Mentioning this to her companion, he said he would not for worlds omit visiting a place which had such powerful claims to his attention; and alledged that Camilla could have no fear for her safety while in his company.

"Are you not configned to my honour?" faid he. "Ah, too lovely maid! I would willingly facrifice my life to preferve you from the least inconvenience."

Moved by his infidious persuasions, and unsuspecting of danger, she at length complied, and began to ascend as the rising moon threw its filver light on the mellow landscape. Arrived at the spot sacred to fraternal remembrance, they seated themselves amidst some odoriferous shrubs.—With pleasure Juliet described every object in the half-illumined scenery, often interrupting her artless remarks by eulogiums

on her absent brother, and wishes for his speedy return.

"He planted these vines," said she tenderly, "the morning before his last departure, promising that ere the ripe clusters hung on their branches, he would return. See! they already blossom. Ah! if he keep his word, how happy we may soon be!"

This fuggestion greatly alarmed her perfidious companion, being confident that the presence of her brother would either disappoint, or revenge the villainy he meditated. Observing her melted into unusual tendernels by the feducing foftness of the scenery, the foul subduing silence of eve, and the remembrance of her absent brother, like Satan at the ear of our first pa. rent, he poured forth his blafting eloquence, from which, alas! there was no Ithuriel to deliver her. It has been observed, that the female bosom becomes more fusceptible under the filent shades, upon the fummit of a lofty mountain, or, more efpecially, during the stillness of a fine night. The feelings of Juliet accorded well with this remark. Indefcribable emotions thrilled to her heart, " weakened Virtue bent to Nature's

Nature's power," and her bosom yielded to the fascination of guilty pleasure. The cruel spoiler watched the decisive moment, and Juliet was undone!!

On her return from this fatal excursion. Camilla, terrified by the confusion and fear pictured in her countenance, inquired the cause with affectionate solicitude. Turored by the triumphant Rizambo, she, for the first time, uttered a deliberate falshood, by imputing her altered appearance to a tarantula's having fettled on her bosom .-This fatisfying her unsuspicious protector, fhe immediately withdrew to her chamber. Then commenced the torments of felf-reproach; torments aggravated by doubts of her lover's honour, and dread of facing her brother. Sleep, which till now had vifited her humble couch unfolicited, now refused its refreshing influence. If her eyes for a moment closed, her diffurbed fancy presented her enraged brother holding a dagger at her breaft.

Rizambo observed her affliction, but his heart was incapable of pity. Unsated by her charms, he endeavoured to gloss over his villainy, and reconcile her to her situation by repeated professions of his having honourable.

honourable intentions. He succeeded but too well. Indeed the barriers of virtue once broken down, seldom, if ever, attain their pristine strength; the mind being too prone to reconcile itself to debasement, when its former dignity is no longer attainable. So changed was the unhappy Juliet, that she perused with joy a letter from her brother, in which he expressed unseigned sorrow at being prevented from visiting at the time appointed, but that in a few months he trusted he should press his dear sister to his heart.

Rizambo, who had begun to think of his departure, lest he should receive the reward of his villainy, was no less' gratified by this intelligence, as Julier's attractions were of no common fort, and the zest of novelty not yet extinct. Under various pretences which he well knew how to form without raising suspicion, he resided so long at the village in an uninterrupted commerce with the hapless victim, that he became cloyed with the luscious banquet. His dread of her brother's arrival also recurring with increased force, he determined to break off the connection for ever. Full of this delign, when the still lovely but drooping

drooping maiden befought him to fulfil his folemn promifes of marriage, and declared that it was impossible longer to conceal their criminal intercourse, the deceitful wretch said that he would instantly depart to prepare his noble relatives for her reception into his family.

" Oh !" exclaimed she with a woefraught look, and a melancholy fervor which might have mollified any heart but that of her unfeeling seducer, "Oh! let us never part. Let us confess our crime to my dear aunt, and she will advise us what to do.-Yet how can I survive the discovery Should my brother at this moment arrive, where can we hide our guilty heads? He is tenacious of the honour of his family; bold, refolute, and even vindictive when his passion is roused. Indeed he has ever been kind and affectionate to me. But then I was innocent. I merited his paternal care. Now, alas! he will deteft me. His vengeance will be equal to his former love. I cannot, cannot face him! Oh! if ever you loved, let me not feel the forrows of leparation!" and and and and and and

In vain were her entreaties. He remained unmoved, and was even offended

bleiner.

at the "rustic's presumption." The intimation of her brother's violent and vindictive temper, gave rise to the idea of causing his just vengeance to fall on the head of Novini.

" As yet," thought the artful betrayer, " Juliet is ignorant of my real name, and shall ever remain fo. How easy, then, is it to impart to the fond filly child, as if in confidence, that I am the count di Novini? And how probable is it that, when her pafsionate plebeian brother learns the name of her supposed seducer, he will attempt to wash out the imaginary stain, by sacrificing my felf-fecure rival to his blind revenge? Maddalena shall then be my own. To gratify my love, avenge my wrongs, preferve my own life, and fecure independence by one stroke, will, indeed, be a masterpiece of policy. But to a man of cool thought and refined genius, common mortals are mere puppets, of which he is abfolute master. Nature has moulded their fluggish forms, but placed the fecret springs. of management in my hands."

The credulous Juliet readily believed the well told tale; and, pleased with this important mark of confidence, hoped he would

would foon prove the fincerity of his pro-The following morning, after refeffions. newing promises he never intended to fulfil, and charging her, for very urgent reafons, not to write to him, he withdrew, with his trusty domestic, from the late happy abode. Ludovico, who was weary of the fameness of a country life, was pleased at their departure from the village, and longed to mingle again in the diffipated throng of the metropolis. Having, like the generality of his class, imbibed the vices of his fuperiors, he had neither the courage nor virtue to warn Juliet of his master's treachery.

The fituation of Juliet now became extremely wretched. Week after week passed away in anxious expectation, but no lover returned to soothe her soul to peace. She did not receive even one line to evince she was still remembered, or to ward off the stroke of despair. The worthy Camilla perceived, with pain, her innocent gaiety was no more, and that all her attempts to renew it were ineffectual. The cheerful smile no longer illumined her seatures, her pleasing rambles were forsaken, her savourite slowers neglected, and her rustic airs of simple

fimple melody exchanged for fighs and defpairing foliloquies. One day as Juliet was lamenting her fatal credulity, her aunt entered, tenderly inquired the cause of her tears, and was informed of the dreadful truth. Although shocked at this irreparable disgrace, and foreseeing the storm about to be raised by her nephew's just indignation, she humanely forbore to aggravate her sufferings by reproach, and attempted to alleviate them by every means affection could suggest.

Unknown to her niece, who had determined to adhere strictly to Rizambo's parting injunction, Camilla addressed a letter to count di Novini at Naples, severely expostulating with him on his base return to her hospitality, in a style of natural, but

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dignified simplicity.

ty was no thore, and that all her affective to renew, it were inclination. The relieus il familie and families and ben from the police of the contract of the secures, but

in the stowers are greeked and her rules are as

CHAP. VII. salt satisfact

Laborate translated to the standard of

and in Whom the bond one.

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

More villain thou.

SHAKESPEAKE.

NOVINI was pained, for a moment, at Camilla's indignant reproaches; but knowing himself innocent of the charge, the attractive smiles of Maddalena soon obliterated every uneasy remembrance. Receiving, however, soon afterwards, another letter, written in the same hand, bearing the same signature, and containing the sollowing severe expressions, his concern and assonishment were inexpressible.

lawless desires, is no more! With her last breath the dear faint forgave her inhuman destroyer. But can you forgive yoursels? Can your rank and fortune silence a guilty conscience, or ward off the avenging hand of Heaven? No! miserable wretch, the wrongs of my beloved child shall be amply revenged. The Almighty only delays the thunder of his wrath, till the sinner's crimes be completed."

Novini

Novini read the letter again and again; examined the direction, in hopes of unravelling the mystery, but in vain. At length, recollecting his inveterate rival's long absence from Naples, he imagined that the injurious accusation was the commencement of some design fatal to his peace. While meditating how to come at the truth, the duke di Rizambo was announced. Having been formerly acquainted with the count, he now called to inquire into the particulars of his brother's late rencontre, and subsequent proceedings, of which various and opposite accounts had been circulated. Novini answered his inquiries with great candour and impartiality. He concluded by mentioning Camilla's letter, his suspicions of Gonsalvo, and his intention of foliciting a conference on the subject. To this the duke objected. He know the count's impetuous temper, and feared some fatal catastrophe if he met with his brother and the bisw was

"I am going to my brother's," faid he,
to remonstrate on some highly disgraceful proceedings, which have lately come to
my knowledge. This is the principal
cause of my leaving the country, which I
find

find more fuitable to my infirm state of health than a crouded city. I wrote to my brother just before I left P-; but scarcely had my meffenger departed ere I began to reflect, that my threatening reproaches, written under the influence of passion, might impel him to some deed of desperation, and I determined on a personal conference. I wish him to retreat to a retired fituation, where, freed from the temptations of this luxurious capital, and the baneful influence of evil company, he may become a valuable member of fociety. I have reafon to believe he is too well acquainted with the story of the unhappy Juliet. Of this I shall soon have more certain information. My carriage is gone to fet down a lady of my acquaintance, I must therefore defer my visit till it returns."

"Returns! for God's sake, don't, for a single moment, retard your meritorious defign on that account. My equipage, servants, all I have, are at your disposal.—Delay may discover your arrival, and afford him time to frame a plausible exculpatory story. There is nothing like a surprize. All shall be ready in a twinkling."

Away

Away flew the count, without waiting for a reply, to give the necessary orders.—
The carriage was soon prepared. The duke stepped in, and, observing Novini's impatience, said, with a smile, as he drove off, "I shall soon return with intelligence of Juliet."

As the death of the countess di Novini necessarily deferred her son's marriage with Maddalena at the time first appointed, the feaft of Saint Mark was again fixed for the nuptials by the superstitious Venetian. Novini's entreaties, ridicule, and expollulations, were equally ineffectual to shorten his probation. During this interval, Rizambo kept a watchful eye upon his rival's motions, but determined to refrain from open opposition, until he perceived whether Novini fell by the mistaken vengeance of Daruzzi, Juliet's brother. That hapless maiden being destitute of the powerful charm which was indispensable to the gratification of his evil passions, was speedily forgotten, amidst his machinations against the count, and his constant attendance at the gaming-table. A considerable period having elapsed without his receiving the wished-for intelligence of Novini's affaffination, he believed

that Daruzzi either had not visited his sister, according to promise, or had been awed into humble acquiescence by the superior rank of her supposed seducer, and determined to trust no longer to another for that satisfaction which his own energy could secure. Artful in design, and sertile in resource, he soon formed a plan, likely to cloud, for ever, the charming prospect opening to the view of Novini.

On the evening of his brother's arrival, the messenger who had been detained in the city, entered with that letter of which the duke was so apprehensive.

"Oh," faid he, sneeringly, as he broke the seal, "what an honour is this, from my high and mighty puny brother! I thought to have had a letter with far different tidings; but he seems, notwithstanding his delicate frame, to have inherited the stamina of a Methusalem."

He then read as follows:

Brother. It is with inexpressible concern I hear, from so many quarters, of your dissipated course of life. Your insatuated passion for gaming is, to me, a source of great uneasiness. By it every generous passion of the human heart is blasted, to make

make room for envy, discontent, remorse, and despair. Fly from the dreadful vortex,

ere you be fwallowed up.

" It would feem, by the power with which my dear parent invested me, of withholding the means of cherishing your vicious inclinations, that he beheld the latent germs of those vices which have fince burst into open day. I shall, therefore, unless you cheerfully comply with the following propofal, instantly withdraw your present allowance. By this, I trust to fulfil the spirit of our parent's last testimony, lead you to reformation, and clear mytelf from the reproach of being an accomplice in your vices, which must be the case, while I allow you the means of supporting them. You, perhaps, consider that my decided attachment to a fingle life, and my precarious state of health, render it probable that you will foon become the only supporter of the honours of our house. But remember also, that the means of supporting your title with dignity are, by the providential forefight of my dear father, left folely at my own disposal. On your retiring to some obscure village, at a diftance from Naples, I will discharge all your debts

debts, not excepting even those contracted at the gaming-table, and allow you a respectable maintenance, until I shall have the affurance of a thorough reformation. Should this proposal be, as I expect, rejected, I shall cease to remember I ever had a brother. Your's, as you merit,

Rizambo."

This letter was ill adapted to effect a reformation. While peruling it, his countenance was alternately dimmed by envy, anger, and despair. At the conclusion he threw it down in a rage, and furiously stamping, from excess of passion, exclaimed,

" Curse the canting villain! by what right does he thus lord it over me, as if I were his humble vasfal? Am I his inferior either in bodily or mental vigour? Does the infulting hypocrite think his priority of birth invests him with the privilege of oppressing me with impunity, and caechifing me like a drivelling school-boy? Opposition, on my part, is deemed rebellion. Had not my partial misjudging parent trusted to my speedy succession to the honours of our house, furely he would not have left me under a brother's tyranny, to VOL. I.

receive the supplies necessary to my rank by pitiful doles, like a beggar at a convent gate. But my parent, forsooth! foreseeing my latent germs of vice, doomed me to a miserable dependence. Yet, could he give that power which he himself did not posses? No! I have long been at the years of maturity, and will now affert the inalienable rights of nature. Oh, cursed law of primogeniture! Thou outragest liberty and justice, and punishest the child unborn. Is not equity superior to every law? Would it not almost warrant me to plunge———? But he cannot live for ever. The time may yet come."

His emotions, during this foliloquy, were fo violent that, feeling himfelf scarcely able to breathe, from an impulse of nature rather than reason, he rushed out of the house to relieve himself from the oppression. He was about to enter the garden, when he discovered a human figure mount a low wall on the right and glide hastily up the main walk. He watched him in anxious silence, till a grove of chesnuts, near a small building, concealed him from further observation.

" Who

"Who can that be?" thought he.
"Ludovico cannot possiby have returned from his prying errand at the village. Perhaps he is one of my abhorred rival's emissaries, or a secret spy of my——"

His conjectures were here interrupted by the groans of some person in distress, apparently iffuing from the farther extremity of the avenue. Proceeding, with fearful caution, in the direction of the founds, words intermingled with heavy groans caught his attention. He clearly diffinguished the broken exclamations of "Gonfalvo"-"Brother"-"Almighty"-"Forgiveness." Roused to unwonted energy by these very interesting words, he ventured forwards, and immediately beneath an overshadowing tree perceived his brother weltering in blood! This shocking spectacle, so far from moving him to deeds of divine mercy, feemed to his black revengeful foul, inspired with deadly fury by the reproachful letter so fresh in his remembrance, like the timely intervention of Providence to restore him to the rights and splendor of his house. With the rapidity of the flash from heaven, the following train of ideas darted

darted through his ambitious, proud, unfeeling mind.

"My brother, far from affiftance, lies here dangerously, perhaps mortally wounded. I am his heir and in want. He who who is hid in the garden must have been the affassin. I shall give him up to justice for the murder. Murder! Perhaps he may recover. Let me make sure double fure."

A short dagger remained near the body. Its lustre caught his eye. He grasped it, stopped for a moment, then plunged it into his brother's heart? The atrocious act completed, he glanced around in fearful agitation, half-fuspecting the gentle breath of Eve whispering in the foliage, and the ruftling of the feattered leaves in the avenue, were occasioned by a secret spectator and avenger of his crime. Although nearly overcome with these apprehensions, he had yet fufficient fortitude to retrace his steps to the garden, in order to deliver the unknown intruder up to the rigour of the law. As he was paffing near a low and duxuriant tree, a fudden noise above appalled him, and he involuntarily stopped. Ere Ere he recovered, a voice was heard faying-

"Oh, murderous villain! Heaven eyes thee!"

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At that moment he was seized by the hair, and the greater part of his left ear fevered from his head! Rizambo's heart died within him. No found iffued from his lips. He flood trembling with horror. Guilty fear and aftonishment having weakened the powers of reason, superstition now fuggested that the terrific warning, and the avenging hand, were supernatural. But when he heard his fecret antagonist leap from the tree, and fay " This will discover," the awful feelings, inspired by that idea, yielded to others lefs powerful, and fome portion of his usual presence of mind returned. In this critical and highly perplexing fituation, having no person near in whom he durst confide, dreading an ignominious death, and believing the apprehension of the person concealed in the garden would prove his only fecurity, he refolved to bring him to an immediate explanation. Notwithstanding the anguish of his wound, fo great were his fears of detection, that he would not enter the house

for relief, but hastened to the grove to look for the stranger, hoping that as he was master of his life, and as they were implicated in the same crime, he should derive greater security, from having an associate, than if he were compelled to sly alone, when his mutilation rendered his escape next to impossible.

Not finding him in the grove, he haftened in great alarm to a neighbouring pavillion. Securing the door on the outfide, he looked through the window, and beheld the stranger sculking in a corner. The urgency of the case not permitting any studied preparation, Rizambo said:

"What has led you to this horrid act? You have murdered my only brother."

The stranger started at this address, and, without making any reply, rushed to the door, and attempted to force it open.

"You cannot escape," added Rizambo, hastily. "The officers of justice are already warned of your crime, but as some stagrant injury must have impelled you to the deed, I am not your enemy. Although he was my brother, I think the seelings of nature ought to yield to justice."

" Your

"Your brother!" faid the stranger. " Count di Novini had no brother."

" Novini!" repeated Gonfalvo. "How fatally you have been deceived! It is the duke di Rizambo wao now lies dead in the avenue."

" Impossible. Did I not follow him from his own house, upbraid him with his villany, and fatisfy my just vengeance?"

"This is no time for parley," faid Rizambo, eagerly. " Confide in me. Refiftance is unavailing. My fervants are within call."

Astonished at this unnatural clemency, and convinced opposition would be of no avail, the stranger, after a moment's pause, furrendered himfelf. Observing Rizambo's wild, ghaftly, and guilty countenance, befmeared with blood, very unfavourable fuspicions took possession of his mind.

" If through a fatal mistake," added the unknown, " I have attempted the life of your only brother, my milery will be extreme, and I scarcely dare hope for pardon. Perhaps he yet lives, as the near approach of some person in the avenue prevented a repetition of the stroke, and the deadly instrument fell from my hand.

hand. For God's fake, fuffer me to go. We may yet fave him. I now repent that I did not leave revenge to heaven."

Rizambo, holding fast by the stranger, turned towards the bloody scene. His mind was in a perfect chaos. Fear, rather than compunction, made him wish the satal deed could be recalled. He was defirous to give up the stranger, and save himself; but his wound, and the secret witness of his crime, rendered that impossible. He started at every sound, expecting his unknown avenger was returning to lead him to public punishment.

They found the body motionless, nor could their most diligent examination discover any remains of life. The stranger beholding the dagger fixed deep in the body, and recollecting that he had lest it on the ground, turned to Rizambo, and said, with joyful animation,

"Thank God! I may yet be innocent of murder. I gave only one wound ere I was compelled to relinquish my defign. Some other hand has completed the task of death. But for that he might have recovered. You are the man. This, only

only, can explain the cause of your apparent clemency." A service of the call

Rizambo knew not how to deny the charge, but was offended at his companion's prefuming to clear himfelf.

" Well," faid he, " if we are united in crime, we must also be-

He was here interrupted by a confused noise at a distance. Presently various lights were diftinguished at the entrance of the avenue.

" Let us fly," faid Rizambo, trembling, " they are coming to apprehend us."

They instantly quitted the dead body, and, gaining a private path, well known to Rizambo, eluded their pursuers.

One of the foremost of the company now called out, "This way, this way, comrades, lies the body. The murderers cannot escape. I have given one of them a mark he will carry to his grave. His cropt ear will discover the villain wherever he goes. Let us push on, and learn the cause and the reason."

This confirmed the stranger's suspicions, and caused Rizambo to shudder with apprehension. He knew the voice of his unknown antagonist, and hesitated to pass any wide-spreading wide-spreading tree, lest another avenger should be lurking to destroy him.

After making nearly a circuit of the city, the guilty fugitives reached the sea-side. Imagining themselves safe from immediate pursuit, they stopped to deliberate on their suture proceedings. The stranger first broke silence.

"I am glad," faid he, "that my foul is delivered from the weight of innocent blood. But for your deadly fratricidal hand, your brother might have recovered."

"What!" cried Rizambo, indignantly, Does it become you to charge me with murder? Doubtless, the wound you gave was mortal. Mine only abridged the last convulsive throbs of agony. A second blow was not necessary to snap the thread of life, already yielding to disease and mental anguish."

"Why then did you inflict it? Why did you not prefer-"

"Away with these mutual accusations! Whether our guilt be, or be not, of the same enormity, the law will make no distinction in our punishment."

"But he was your only brother."

" True,

"True, and I am his heir; or rather you and I shall be joint heirs. I am now the duke di Rizambo."

"Say, rather, the duke di Niènte.* Since if interest, ambition, or jealousy, led you to the satal stroke, your object is more difficult to obtain than before. You cannot even claim your paternal inheritance, without also claiming the punishment of fratricide. By what art can you conceal your deprivation of an ear? Or, even if that were possible, the discovery of the body so near your own house will lead to an examination under which you must sink."

Pain, anxiety, and confusion of mind, had hitherto prevented Rizambo from sully attending to his peculiar and critical situation. But this address at once revealed the gloomy horrors of that thorny labyrinth in which his diabolical passions had involved him, and from which his artful genius could suggest no means of escaping.

"Why, oh, why did I yield to the temptation?" cried he, in agony. "I have doomed myself, for ever, to infamy and want. Fortune and Maddalena are for ever lost. Oh, that villain! that d——d meddling villain! who wounded me, I could

could tear him piece-meal. If ever I recognize him I shall be amply avenged."

"You had better," interrupted the stranger, "attend to your own safety. To-morrow the country may be raised against us; and we dare travel only by night."

deed could be recalled!"

"I know of a secure retreat, not far from hence," returned his companion, "let us immediately depart thither, and contrive for survive. We may there defy the severest serutiny of, what is erroneously called, justice."

To this Rizambo the more willingly affented because the stranger's manners and conversation were above the common rank. A desire also of learning the cause of his enmity to Novini, and a hope of rousing lim to repeat that attempt which had proved so fatal to his brother, were considerable inducements. After walking for some time by the shore, they arrived at an immense mass of ruins, reaching to a considerable extent close by the sea. Passing many enormous stones and columns, covered with dank weeds and moss, they came to an opening in the ruin, which, from the

the roughness and irregularity of its form, and the saline matter incrusted on its sides, appeared to have been occasioned by the impetuous surges, when the sea had risen beyond its usual bounds.

Rizambo, somewhat appalled by the deep murmurs of the waves, and desolation of the antique shattered buildings. Ruins, even when the broken capitals, prostrate columns, and mutilated statues, evince the lighter graces of architecture, and employ the pleasing powers of fancy and judgment, seldom fail to inspire melancholy and pensive ideas; but here all was massy, dark, and lowering. An unvaried settled gloom pervaded the whole; and the seabreeze, rushing at intervals, with a loud hollow noise, through the lengthened passages, added to the terrors of the scene.

"Yes," faid the stranger looking round, this is the place. I have visited it too often to be mistaken, even if the deepest shades of night enveloped it."

"It is very dreadful," replied Rizambo, gazing with apprehension."

"Are you afraid? I'll lead the way. Keep close.

A chillness,

A chillagia.

A chillness, like that of death, possessed Rizambo, as he was about to follow, and nothing but the executioner rising to his perturbed imagination, with the apparatus of a shameful death, induced him to enter.— Listening attentively to the stranger's footsteps, he, with out-spread hands, passed through a long winding passage, apparently ascending till he came to a large vaulted apartment, from whence he had a prospect of the ocean, reslecting the soft lustre of the lunar beam.

"To what place have you led me?" faid Rizambo, mistrusting the designs of his companion, and believing that nothing but the commission of some enormous crime could have induced any human being often to seek refuge in a place so dangerous.

"I have been informed," replied the stranger, "that these ruins formed part of the centum camera; horrid dungeons, where Nero immured the unhappy victims of his tyranny. Compared to that monster we are as angels of light. From hence also you may behold the remains of those retreats, where, after torturing his prison-

ers, he deadened his conscience by the groffest debauchery."

"From whence proceed those various and multiplied sounds?" inquired Rizambo, fearfully, ready to suspect his associate was leagued with a desperate banditti, and that this was their place, and now their time, of assembling.

fioned by the fea dashing against the walls of the lower recess. Nature is now risen to destroy the fabric where she was so often insulted, and to cleanse the blackened throne of pollution. The waves are unusually tumultuous to-night; and were it not that greater crimes than ours have been perpetrated, in this place, with impunity (for we are near the village of Bauli, where Nero murdered his mother), I could almost imagine that they were about to execute the exemplary vengeance of Heaven."

"As we are now fafe from interruption, I wish you would confide in me the cause of your enmity to an only brother. Surely some unexampled injustice, some dreadful enormity on his part, must have sorced you to the fatal deed. Had I so near a relation, I would cherish him as my own foul. It is not long fince I was bleffed with the most tender, the most worthy of relatives, the model of innocence and truth. But a villain, a base, unmanly villain, has deprived me of that sweetener of existence, and lest me without one friend in the universe. I have, indeed, reason to curse the human race."

Rizambo was furprifed at his energy, and not displeased with his last expression. Some linen being applied to his wound, he commenced his story. He now represented his brother as a person, who, by a series of the basest arts, had influenced his parents to leave all to himfelf, and afterwards exercifed his unjustly acquired authority in the most tyrannical manner. Rizambo's mind was, indeed, fimilar to those so aptly described by Sir Thomas More, for he wrote benefits in the dust, and engraved injuries on marble. By fuch milrepresentations, which he conducted with much art, he fucceeded fo far as to remove the greater part of the stranger's regret, who, from fuffering by the prevailing vices of men, had become somewhat misanthropical. -He now doubted whether much guilt could

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be incurred by expelling one like the duke from fociety.

" I," faid Rizambo, " have, perhaps, deprived him of life, but the act may be justly styled self-defence. Did he not aim at mine, when he sought to deprive me of the means of existing with honour, comfort or decency? My mind was not formed for mean abject submission; and I think a miserable life, to which my brother had doomed me, a thousand times worse than a speedy death."

He concluded by desiring his companion to inform him of the reason of his hatred to Novini, under which his brother, by some unaccountable mistake, had fallen.

Paufing awhile for reflection, the stranger began in the following words.

CHAP. VIII.

What if I warr'd upon the world? the world. Had wrong'd me first: I had endur'd the ills. Of hard injustice; all this goodly earth. Was but to me one wild waste wilderness; I had no share in Nature's patrimony, Blasted were all my morning hopes of youth, Dark Disappointment follow'd on my ways, Care was my bosom inmate, and keen Want Gnaw'd at my heart.

If I have sinn'd against mankind, on them

If I have sinn'd against mankind, on them Be that past sin; they make me what I was.

SOUTHEY.

LTHOUGH my present appearance evince me to be an outcast of Fortune, and my recent attempt may be thought to have arisen from a mean and vulgar spirit, yet I am descended from a family not wholly unworthy, according to the prejudices of fociety, of affociating with the noble house of Rizambo. My father's estate was situated on the sea coast of Calabria, and fully sufficient to satisfy every ho-With regret I look back to nest desire. the innocent days of childhood. I was then without care. The fun rose only to light me to new pleasures. Contentment and health

health resided at our repasts, and my repose was tranquil and serene as the unclouded sirmament of Heaven. I loved and was beloved by all. In short, I was happy because the manners of men were, to me, unknown, and no foreboding voice warned us of the satal catastrophe about to involve our house in utter destruction.

The knowledge my father had acquired during his intercourse with different nations, he delighted to instill into my dustile mind; nor were his paternal cares unavailing.—
Knowledge I obtained from precept, and virtue from the example of my parents.—
Alas! their example proved that Virtue, however dignified, I mean by intrinsic worth, not the adventitious glitter of rank and wealth, is but as a shield of vapour when opposed to the thunderbolts of Vice. It slatters the simple possessor with the semblance of safety, while Ruin yawns to receive him.

I had attained my twentieth year when Don Velasquez, a noble Arragonian, and a favourite of king Alphonso, arrived with his daughter in our neighbourhood. I saw and loved the fair Isidora. Her personal attractions were dazzling, and completely subdued

fubdued my hitherto-unsoftened heart .--Would to God her heart had been as amply enriched with virtue and affection, as her form and features with beauty, grace, and dignity!-Notwithstanding my inferiority. in fortune, I was so ignorant of the world, or, rather, fo vain and prefumptnous, as to hope my respectful passion would be crowned with fuccess; a hope which her behaviour did not discourage. This, however, her fubsequent conduct has evinced, arose not from affection or sympathy, but a defire of witnessing her power, and enjoying the writhings of her victim. My father, as yet, was ignorant of my attachment, and I still fostered the pernicious flame in my bosom, when a party of the foldiers of Mahomet, after infulting our coasts, landed in our vicinity. Destruction marked their footsteps. Less affected by the probable fate of my family than the fafety of Isidora, I drew my sword, and hastened to my father. I found he had collected the feattered peafants, his own domestics, and the retinue of Don Velafquez, and was preparing to lead them against the daring marauders. In appropriate eloquence he represented to his ruftic followers, the necessity of preferving themselves from cruel captivity, their wives and daughters from violation, and the temples of the Most High from the vilest pollution. He thus infused a portion of his own enthusiasm into their souls, which in some measure compensated for their deficiency in arms and discipline. Fortunately, perhaps, for them, our great superiority in numbers compelled the enemy to fly to their ships in confusion. One of the stragglers being disabled by a shot from our party, was left on the road by his terrified comrades. My father, with much difficulty, prevented the zealous ruftics from putting the proftrate Infidel to death .-Defirous of giving the Unbelievers an example of Christian benevolence, he placed the wounded man in a fisherman's skiff, and, accompanied only by myfelf, made for the Turkish vessel, which lay to at a small distance from the shore. Understanding our fignals, they fent out their boat for their countryman. I believe at that moment he felt no pain from his wound, to great was his joy at being delivered from inftant death, or, at best, a long and painful captivity.

This

This act was ultimately the cause of our ruin. Don Velasquez, surely the haughtiest of a haughty nation, hearing the artless praises his rustic neighbours bestowed on my father's courage and address, was pained to the heart. Accustomed to the most abject flattery from the minions of the court, he could not brook the village popularity my father had acquired. Every eulogium feemed to imply a censure of his own inactivity. From this time, I am perfuaded, he fought to accomplish our ruin. Discovering, foon afterwards, my passion for Isidora, his proud fpirit broke out into open enmity. Departing for Naples, he reprefented our late conduct in fuch odious colours to the credulous king, that my father was apprehended, and conveyed as a prifoner of state to the capital. Judge of his aftonishment and our grief, on finding that he was charged with high treason. Every circumstance in his life was wrested to convict him. It was now, with diabolical malignity, openly alledged that the descent of the Turks was occasioned by his solicitations, and that he had usurped the supremepower by liberating his prisoner, who was reported to have been a person of high rank

rank; nay, some went so far as to affert that he was the emperor Mahomet himfelf! But the most prominent feature in his accufation was, that he had formerly borne arms against Alphonso in his attempt to conquer Naples. Had our fovereign then retained the vigour and virtue which he had displayed on his first mounting the throne, we should have had little cause for apprehending the refult of so improbable an accusation: but alas! hew as immersed in pleasures which enfeebled him, and governed by a priest, a near relation of Don Velasquez, who tanctified his licentiousness, and lulled his conscience to forgetfulness by holy mummery. The more his foul was polluted, the greater the necoffity of an able purifier; thus he erected a throne for his pride on the ample base of superstition. I his hypocrite pointed out to his flavish sovereign the necessity of punishing one who had manifested his enmity not only to government but to the most holy religion. a

My father, when examined, repeated his simple narrative of facts, with the benevolent motives which had influenced him, and concluded with the divine precept of Christ, "Love your enemies."

Truth

Truth is powerful. His eloquence was not wholly without effect on their prejudiced minds. The monarch himself was inclining to mercy, when his fanctified confessor arose and addressed the council to the following purport:

"When Providence cast the impious unbeliever on Christian ground, that his foul might inherit falvation, did not this man, despising the clear expression of the divine will, unmoved by the deplorable state of the wretched finner's foul, and infpired by the evil fpirit, doom him to everlasting torments in the regions of the damned? A murderer is punished with death. Yet how immense is the difference between depriving the body of its temporary vital functions, and the eternal destruction of the foul of man! Nor even here is the evil terminated. How many true fons of the church and heirs of Heaven may the fugitive Infidel yet corrupt or destroy? As to the Christian duty of loving our enemies, how dare he urge fuch a plea, when he closed the gates of Heaven upon a finner? To pardon a crime of fuch enormity would be to draw the designated vengeance of God on our own heads."

Thus

raivoa id-franco

Thus were the powers of reasoning proftituted, and vice triumphed in the garb of
religious zeal. The too-easy monarch, and
the venal court, awed by the anathema of
the confessor, and influenced by the savourite Velasquez, declared my sather guilty.—
Probably, an ignominious death, or, at best,
perpetual banishment would have been his
sate, had not a sure friend to the miserable
visited his dungeon, and placed him far
from the inveterate malice of his persecutors."

Rizambo, somewhat moved by the story, for the most hardened will sometimes yield to the impulse of Nature, was about to express his satisfaction at the interposition of so powerful a friend, when his associate added with a sigh. This friend was Death!" Affected by the bitter remembrance, he paused for a sew moments; then dashing the big drop from his eye, and saying "I thought I was past a woman's weakness," he continued his narrative.

by grief for the fate of his family, and the notione damps of his dungeon, was imputed as a confequence of his deep fense of guilt, and a desire of escaping a shameful

death. His estate was now declared a forfeit to the crown. It was bestowed on the nephew of the diabolical ambassador of Heaven; and, to complete the measure of my woes, the hand of the treacherous Isidora was also awarded to him.

Thus, by the villainous arts of man, was an innocent family ejected from their paternal mansion, to wander wretched outcasts on the earth for the finger of fcorn to point at. The only confideration which now stayed me from risking my own life to purge the earth of our malignant inhuman oppressors, was, that my exertions were become necessary to prevent my dear parent and fifter from perishing by want. With a few jewels of no great value, faved from the wreck of our fortune, we retired from the pleasant seats of my infancy, to an humble retreat occupied by my uncle's widow, who received us with kindness truly expressive of a benevolent heart. Our forrows were gradually fubfiding into refigned tranquillity, when my mother, affected by our fituation, discerning nothing but want and mifery in the opening perspective, and disconsolate for the loss of her beloved partner, discovered such evident fymptoms

fymptoms of a speedy decay, as tore open our bleeding wounds, and pointed anew the arrows of affliction. Soon after our arrival she expired, leaving me and my fifter, who was feveral years younger than myself, totally destitute. I now seriously confidered how I might be enabled to procure a decent subsistance for us both, my aunt's income being little more than adequate for her own support. Leaving my fifter to her paternal care, I departed with a heavy heart from the village to feek my fortune in the metropolis; but, after repeated trials, could not meet with any fuitable fituation. Some few, indeed, I might perhaps have obtained, but they required fuch abject fubmission, such a total derelical tion of that independence of mind which had been fo carefully fostered by my indulgent parent, that I turned from them with difgust bordering on abhorrence. Determining at length to adopt a military life, of which I already had fome knowledge, I fet off for Rome to enroll myself under the holy banners of the church; not from superstition, but because I deemed it a profanation of filial love to follow the standard of a monarch crimfoned with my parent's blood.

Besides, as the troops of our most Holy Father were then in action, I had a fairer prospect of preferment. Full of this design, with only a sew scudi in my pocket, I turned my back on Alphonso's persidious court. As I was restreshing myself at a miserable albergo, at the foot of the Appennines, one of the company present, after observing me attentively, inquired if I were going to cross the mountains? Replying in the assirmative, he expressed much satisfaction, as he was pursuing the same route and desirous of a companion.

"The mountains," faid he, "are infelted with banditti. We cannot, indeed, do much in case of an attack, but we may affile each other in the rugged ascent, and beguile the dreary hour by an intercourse of sentiment. Neither my purse nor business will allow me to wait here for the protection of some noble traveller's escort."

I affured him I was in the same predicament; and, struck by his frankness, and the manly courage depicted in his sun-burnt countenance, thankfully acceded to his request. We accordingly departed together. Winding for some time along the base to reach a path, asserted by my companion to

be of easier ascent than others, we began to amount the immense acclivity. While gazing at the prodigious cliffs, now concealed from observation by dense clouds, then revealing all their horrors, as the wind rufhing in sudden gusts through the narrow defiles, fwept the mass of vapours from the fides of the mountain. Here lay stupendous fragments of naked rock, and lofty trees torn up by the mighty torrents; there arose the proud monarchs of the forest arrayed in the luxuriance of fummer, and shrub-clad cliffs on which the wild goats were sporting; a contrast which seemed to me as if Creation and Ruin here maintained unceasing warfare. With much labour, and danger, we at length reached the fum-Concluding our difficulties over, we began to descend with great spirit. When about midway, tempted by a pleafant spot, sheltered from the heat by an immense projection of rock, my affociate proposed taking some refreshment. After convincing ourselves that hunger needed not the stimulus of fauce or spices, my comrade produced a bottle of wine, and I drank fuccess to our future projects.

"Oh," said he carelessly, "they are certain to prosper. Our travelling so dangerous a path without breaking a limb, being assaulted by wild beasts or banditti, must be a happy omen."

"I am not unthankful," replied I, " for retaining found limbs, but as for robbers I do not fear them."

" It is natural however to dread what we detest; and abhorrence generally arises from apprehension of injury."

" But I do not detest them."

"How! Not detest banditti! Are not outcasts of the earth who are lost to every sense of shame, who obey neither God nor man, and who live by plundering the unwary passenger, to be execrated by every Christian?"

"Perhaps so," answered I. "But what better conduct do those pursue who think themselves angels of light, yet hunt, as beasts of prey, their fellow-men? Men, who might be the ornaments of the human race but for the oppression of those very persons who seek their destruction. It is like plunging a man into the sea, then punishing him for wetting his clothes. Young as I am, I have had fatal experience that persons

persons invested with the robe of justice, for the gratification of their telsish passions, too often humble the innocent to the dust, make their very marrow boil with agony, and their souls writhe with mental torment. Are such monsters less deserving of detestation than the robber whose only aim is the acquisition of wealth? The principal difference I can discover is, that the sphere of legalised oppression is far more extensive than the transitory excursions of banditti."

"Ha!" cried my companion, with a look of approbation, "you almost persuade me that robbery is a worthy calling; you speak with so much warmth against its enemies."

" Alas!" faid I, "I have reason to be at war with all the world."

In the overflowing of my heart I now recounted the means used to effect the destruction of our family, and my intention of entering the Papal army.

"God forbid!" exclaimed he, "that one of your talents should be placed under subjection to any blood-thirsly villain, to be knocked on the head for a trisling pittance, scarcely sufficient to keep soul and

body together, much less to support your fifter."

"What then would you have me to

"Follow me," replied he with an air of dignity. Advancing to the front he fired a piftol, and fhouted. The report was immediately answered by several others, and in a few minutes I was surrounded by several armed men, who hailed my fellow-traveller as their captain. While waiting for the reason of their summons, they gazed at me with inquiring countenances, which I returned with an undaunted aspect, though I perceived at first glance they were the terrible banditti of the mountains. The captain then took me kindly by the hand, and said, as his men formed in a circle around us,

"Brave and faithful comrades! You all know I left the mountains in fearch of a person worthy to replace the bold and enterprising Manuel. If I possess any skill in the development of character, Fortune, in guiding me to this stranger, has been more than usually propitious. Receive him as your brother. His activity in ascending a path, I selected for its difficulty,

culty, shews his body is fit for the most hardy enterprise; his education places him far above the vulgar herd, who, blinded by prejudice, enslaved by ignorance and superstition, are insensible to the call of honour; and the entire destruction of his innocent samily by our cowardly enemies will be a continual incentive to ample reprizal and revenge. Is not such a man worthy of enrollment in our selected band?

This address was heard in perfect silence, but at the conclusion affirmative applause reverberated among the mountains. To ask my consent after the sentiments I had just disclosed, the captain justly thought unnecessary. Indeed my mind was prepared for any purpose. I instantly took the oath of sidelity. By my intrepidity in various expeditions I more than justified my captain's savourable opinion.

I passed several years in this situation, during which my sister attained the age of womanhood. In her nymph-like form stood revealed, in virtuous simplicity, the charms of her unfortunate mother. I visited her twice or thrice a year, and supplied her with every necessary, but never related how I was enabled to do so, though

she repeatedly interrogated me on the subject. As for my aunt, she believed I had entered the army, and that to save my sister from apprehensions, I forbore a direct answer to her inquiries. My sister's beauty would have dignissed any situation, and might perhaps have attained to the highest, had I suffered her to enter public life; but my well-founded antipathy to so-ciety determined me to retain her closely secluded from its contagious influence. Like a miser enamoured of his splendid hoard, I could have wished to conceal her from every eye but my own.

My manner of life was not devoid of charms to a youthful mind; for of all the freebooters who occupied the almost impregnable fastnesses of the Apennines, our band, wholly composed of men above the common rank, was certainly the most confcientious. We preyed only on the affluent, nor was any life taken except when compelled by necessity. When liberal terms were offered, we, with other Condottieri*, entered into the pay of the neigh-

Leaders of bands, who in the fifteenth and fixteenth centuries, made a trade of war, and raised and hired out soldiers to different states."

ROBERTSON'S Charles Vth.

Louring

I witnessed, and was accessory to in that honourable warfare were so distressing to humanity and justice, that our predatory excursions appeared almost meritorious. One purse seized, or one person slain by our band at their own impulse, was deemed a crime of the deepest dye; but when a lawful prince was our leader or paymaster, a populous city given up to pillage and massacre, the deed was accounted glorious, and extolled by the vile flatterers of a court. Thus situation and circumstance stamp our conduct with criminality.

Affection for my fifter, however, instead of being deadened by scenes of bloodshed, acquired greater vigour. It seemed to me as if the different streams of love, erewhile leading to my Isidora, my parents, and my country, were now united by fraternal regard into one deep capacious channel. My residence at her rural abode was so tranquil, that I slew to it with rapture when my services could be spared. It was to me like the ark of Noah to the dove. There only the sole of my soot sound rest. These happy visits continued, at short intervals, until an engagement we entered into with a distant

distant state detained me almost two years from that enjoyment. The moment our band was released, knowing my fifter would be alarmed at my long absence, I hastened to her, almost determined to quit, for ever, my present roving and hazardous occupation. With what joy did I hail the rustic dwelling peeping amidst the trees, many of them facred remembrances, and planted by my own hands, and anticipate the delights of our reunion after so long a separation. Fatal separation! Alas! in that interval, her fair fame, her virgin purity, and my future peace, were blafted by a fiend in the form of humanity, who, when he had accomplished the act of deliberate villainy, left her a prey to shame, anguish, and remorfe. She is now at reft, having expired in the pangs of child-birth just before my arrival. Alas! poor Juliet! why didft thou not-

" Juliet!" cried Rizambo, unwarily.
"Good Heavens! what Juliet?"

"Juliet Daruzzi," replied the stranger, interested by his manner, and endeavouring to trace the nature of his emotions in his countenance. Fortunately for Rizambo, the deep obscurity of the place prevented

his guilty and alarmed afpect from being distinguished.

"Why that exclamation?" repeated Daruzzi, sternly. "Wert thou in league with the conspirator against my peace?"

Now fully aware of his indifferetion, and the necessity of concealing from Daruzzi that the destroyer of his fister stood before him, Rizambo had sufficient presence of mind to answer,

"I thought I had heard the name of your fifter given as a public toast by that well-known debauchee, the count di Novini."

"Cursed villain!" exclaimed Daruzzi.
"Dared he to repeat her pure name, and his conscience not rouse him to an act of justice and humanity? Perhaps he even boasted of his unmanly triumph, and repeated the artful methods of obtaining it, amidst the bacchanal applauses of his licentious companions."

Rizambo, trembling at his vehemence, and defirous of preventing interrogatories which he was not prepared to answer satisfactorily, here defired him to proceed with his narrative; with which Daruzzi, after executing Novini, complied.

Lorenos

" The infamous seducer, my aunt informed me, had at first entered her hospitable roof under a feigned name, but at his departure confessed to Juliet that he was the count di Novini; the villain probably thinking thereby to awe her friends into a tame acquiescence with dishonour. I understand my aunt wrote twice to him on the subject, but the hardened monster never deigned to make any reply. She forbore to mention that Juliet was delivered of a fon, left he should claim, and, as she said, bring it up to perdition.' Apprehensive of this, and attached to the infant from affection for its mother, she proposed to remove from that neighbourhood. To this I readily confented, not fo much from attachment to the child, but because I wished to remove that witness of my sister's frailty from a place where she was so well known. Little, indeed, did the d-d Novini know of me, if he imagined his rank would prevent my avenging his crime. No! if he had been decked even in the robes of royalty, I should not have turned aside from vengeance. Eager to punish his perfidy, I grasped my trusty weapon, and took the road to Naples. I foon difcovered

covered his residence, and about the decline of day placed myself near the gate to watch for my enemy's approach. My emotions, had any one observed me, would surely have discovered my design. When the remembrance of my father occurred, I inclined to abandon clandestine revenge, which militated against the maxims he had ever inculcated; but this was only momentary. The wrongs of my poor Juliet, rushing on my aching sense, roused me to a pitch of frenzy. I imagined even the manes of my parents would rejoice at the punishment I was meditating, and guide my dagger to the seducer's heart."

"Why," thought I, "when contending with a villain, should I stand upon the punctilios of artificial manners, and afford him an opportunity of completing his triumph? He has murdered Innocence by dishonour; shall honour then protect Guilt? If attacked by a wild beast, should I not avail myself of my superiority to destroy it by any means? Does a monster, more injurious to society than all the beasts of the forest, merit more favour?"

ran out of the house, of whom I inquired,

in as careless a manner as I could assume, whither he was going in such haste. He replied, to order his master's carriage. In a few minutes it drew up, and two gentlemen approached. I was in doubt which of them was the destroyer of my peace, until the elder said, with a smile, that he would soon return with intelligence of Juliet.

" Confident he was my destined prev. I closely followed the equipage, ruminating con his parting words, of which no probable explanation at that time occurred, fave that the was yet ignorant of Juliet's decease, and was now proceeding either to renew his illicit connexion, or to confign her to the friend he had just parted from, a practice too common, I am informed, among proifessed libertines. After passing through the city, the carriage, on coming to a close avenue of trees, was ordered to stop, and I diffinctly heard the count fay his fervants were to return at ten. The equipage withdrew. I advanced, charged him with his villainy, and faid that I was the brother of Juliet, whom he had destroyed."

"Patience, my friend," faid he, with amazing composure. "Here is some mistake.

mistake. Let me explain. If Juliet has been injured, it was not—"

" If!" retorted I. " If she has been injured! Good God! dost thou imagine pollution by thee is honourable?"

"Be calm," said he, retreating, and laying his hand upon his sword. "In a

few minutes--"

"Revenge shall lap thy blood," added I, plunging my stilletto into his body. He staggered against a tree, saying, faintly, "I die innocent. You are deceived."

"Imagining this to be a subterfuge to fave himself, I was preparing to repeat my blow, when a rapid sootstep approaching prevented me. The rest you well know."

"Alas! too well," faid Rizambo, who was confiderably affected by Juliet's unhappy fate, and felt that punishment follows close on the heels of vice. He wished to inquire to what part of the country his infant had been removed, but dared not, lest his secret should be discovered. To Novini his hatred still burned with unabating fury. He imputed to him a great part of his present perplexity, and was sometimes inclined to believe his secret opponent was

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an emissary of the count's. He now endeavoured to rouse his associate to renew his attempt against Novini, in hopes one, or both, would perish; but Daruzzi's sentiments were now changed, and his desire of vengeance greatly weakened by his recent mistake.

" Providence," faid he, " by preserving the wretch, feems to have taken the task of punishing upon itself. I shall not, therefore, feek him; but if ever I meet him upon the mountains, I'll purge the world of a monster. Besides, it is absolutely necessary that by to-morrow I should rejoin our Im-It is fo styled in imitation of mortal Band. the Persian monarch's favourite body of troops; because, like that, it is endeavoured to render our number complete. One is now wanting to make up our complement; and I suppose you will not object to fupply his place."

Rizambo, though averse to a profession so full of personal danger, agreed to the proposal, as his present situation precluded him from adopting any other. Now projecting means of claiming his dear-bought inheritance with safety, then relapsing into despondency, and awakening remorse; at

other

other times breaking out into threats of vengeance against Novini, and his unknown antagonist in the avenue, he spent the dreary hours, until the fun, emerging from the ocean, threw a long train of purple radiance across the waters, and partly revealed the horrors of their place of refuge.

When shall we remove from this dreadful place?" faid Rizambo, shuddervelock which has endaporer

ing.

- " I find these lodgings are not quite to your taste," said Daruzzi. "You have been fo long accustomed to luxury that you have lost all relish for naked simplicity."
- " Naked, indeed!"
- " But the difficulties you have this night experienced are only a foretafte of what all must endure who fulfil the decrees of Providence, by humbling the proud and endeavouring to restore the equality of Nature. Meantime," added he, drawing from a large pocket, or rather wallet, some cold provisions, " as we cannot yet leave this place with fafety, and as I have no inclination for fast-days, let us recruit our exhausted spirits. Our nocturnal expedition will require it." A the book and the learn sain

magal all in living mono de Rizambo

Rizambo thanked him for his offer, but declined accepting it.

"Don't be faint hearted," continued his companion. "Your situation is not quite desperate. Compared to mine, it is even enviable. You have lost a brother, but he appears to have been your greatest enemy, and to have merited his fate; while I, by diabolical villainy, have been deprived of fortune same, and samily. Every tender affection of the heart has been rooted up, and my blooming paradise transformed into a how-ling wilderness. Perhaps your wound is painful?"

Rizambo nodded in the affirmative; though he might have faid with Lear-

The tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all seeling else,

Save what beats there."

[&]quot;Ah!" continued Daruzzi, "that was indeed a most disastrous stroke. What could stimulate the lurking rascal to such an act? A trifle in itself, but in its consequences nearly as satal as a mortal thrust. We dare not apply for relief to a surgeon in the neighbourhood without the greatest chazard; but on our arrival at the Appennines.

nines, one of the band of great experience in the healing art will foon effect a cure. Indeed he may join us ere we depart; when, if you have a tafte for antiquities, he will give you as compleat a history of these ruins, as if he had been Nero's architect. To his curiofity we are indebted for a knowledge of this recess, which has often proved of service to our band. When any enterprize, requiring numbers, is undertaken in the neighbourhood of Naples, it is cuftomary for our comrades to drop one by one into the city, and makes this place their point of union. I do not seruple to impart this fecret to you, because I consider you as already enrolled. If I have done wrong, my introducing a person of your talents, with whom our enemies are at war, will, I trust, not only procure a pardon, but also the thanks of my companions."

Until the deep shades of evening had involved every object in obscurity, they remained in the recess. Daruzzi then said,
let is time to push forward," and led him
through the labyrinth into the open air.
Passing Novini's residence, which lay directly in their route, they observed several
rooms brilliantly illuminated. Rizambo
immediately

immediately concluded that Marco's objections had been overcome, and that his rival's marriage was the cause of the present sestivity. Various figures slitted before his jaundiced eye, and imagining he beheld the blooming Maddalena, leading up the mazy dance with Novini, he said to Daruzzi:

"Now is your time for revenge. How glorious will it be to avenge your fifter's wrongs in the presence of her who has usurped the station to which only Juliet had a lawful claim, and turn the nuptial, into supereal, rites!"

"Leave vengeance to me. At this moment I might involve innocence in the punishment of guilt," said Daruzzi, surprised at this warmth from a stranger, and ready to imagine he was attempting to make him the instrument of revenging his own injuries. He intreated Rizambo to depart. He gazed for some time at the splendid apartments, then suddenly recommenced his journey, severish from the constiction of violent passions, and tormented by remorse, even while meditating suture crimes. His last retreating glance fully expressed the sentiment of the poet.

" Rocks

"Rocks and mountains will I raise to fever your fond hearts-a very fury will I range around you to confute your schemes' -To spoil enjoyment is enjoyment still." when solder to envisor or

CHAP. IX.

e dillivent extenitacion cal Rightnini's 224

Defultory man! studious of change, And pleas'd with novelty.

prongrams being the land

be die werd this to Cowper.

Oh happy, if he knew his happy state!

however.

OVINI, though invited to an entertainment given on account of his friend Vignolo's nuptials, was yet fo anxious for the duke di Rizambo's return, that he refolved not to ftir abroad that night. About eleven the fervants arrived with intelligence of the duke's affaffination. Understanding that he had been carried into his brother's house, on whom suspicion of the murder fell, and knowing how prone the lower classes are to exaggerate, Novini immediately flew to the fatal scene to offer his fervices, and to foothe his last moments by the tender offices of friendship.

glance

glance at the body convinced him he was far beyond the reach of human skill; his sympathetic feelings extinguished curiosity, and he returned home in great distress.

Meantime the officers of justice took cognizance of the affair, and commenced a diligent examination of Rizambo's fervants, and the party who had first discovered the body. The folemn declaration of the domestics that their master was at home a short time previous to the alarm; his brother's reprimanding letter still remaining in the apartment; the discovery of the body so near the house; and his sudden absence at this conjuncture, appeared so conclusive of Rizambo's guilt, that few hefitated to declare that he was the unnatural affassin. But when some observed that it was improbable that Rizambo should attempt, fuch an atrocious act at his own door; that his absence ought not to inculpate him, fince it was possible both brothers might have fallen victims to a fecret enemy of their house; and that it was not likely he should, from interested motives, affaffinate a brother, whose infirm state promised a speedy death, the belief of his innocence began to preponderate. When however.

however, the secret avenger, who did not at first appear, came forward with his evidence, and actually produced the dissevered ear, and a lock of hair, separated by the same stroke, exactly corresponding in curl and colour with Rizambo's, his guilt seemed to require no farther proof. A description of his dress, person, and wound was immediately transmitted to every city in the kingdom, and a large reward offered for his apprehension.

The following evening, while Novini was holding an interesting conversation with his fair mistress, Marco, somewhat exhilarated with the juice of the grape, said,

"What a mercy it is, noble count, that my poor girl there was not married to that Pally-logus rascal! If she had, she might have soon been a widow, that is, if Rizambo be executed, which he must be if he is apprehended, and I don't see how he can escape. Had it not been for you, or rather Saint Mark, my fortune would have gone to a murderer. Only wait contentedly, that is, with patience, till my namesake's day comes about, and then—"

-vol. i. " I shall

"I shall be the happiest of mortals," added Novini, gallantly saluting the fair hand of Maddalena.

"And I," returned Marco, "fhall be fecond happiest, if not the first. Your joy reminds me of my own courting days—days which will never return, being as how Time never slies backward.—Once indeed it went back in bible times, but such miracles cannot be expected every day. However, count, should I grow young again, and be as clever as you, and have such a pretty girl as Maddalena at my elbow, I should not kis lily hands, that is, if I could meet with willing rosy lips."

" I admire your taste," said Novini, and thus prove my deserence for your opinion," rapturously saluting Maddalena, while the fire of his full dark eye beamed unusual satisfaction. Fearing Marco, by another ill-judged sally, would renew this unpardonable offence, Maddalena, crimsoning to the eyes, and darting an expressive glance at her father, instantly withdrew.

"Were I to die this very moment," faid Marco, "I could not certainly say, that is with truth, whether my blushing darling

darling was angry with me for my hint about kissing."

"That may very easily be discovered," faid Novini."

"How, honoured fon-in-law that is to be?"

"You know, my dear Marco, that knowledge can be acquired only by experience. Experience is the refult of many observations. How, therefore, can we form a decisive judgment from one single remark? But if you recal your lovely daughter, and give me another intimation, from her behaviour the second, third, third, fourth or sisth time, you may easily judge whether she was offended the first."

"Ah! fon-in-law, you're a rare one. I fee you'll be as like your honoured father-in law as one pea's like another. If Rizambo had been like you, he would not now be a poor one-ear'd duke, being as how you are rich and have all the ears you ever had in your life, and, what is far better, are going to have my daughter to boot. I wish the murderer may not escape, but that is surely impossible, because his royal blood cannot

make him whole again. Saint Mark indeed might do it."

"Saint Mark will see him hanged first. Besides, he has enough to do at present to prepare blessings for the marriage of his namesake's charming daughter, which will make me eternally his most devoted slave. But I sear I interrupt your devotions, so adieu, my noble fellow."

The day fixed for the nuptials at length arrived, which, by Marco's express desire, were celebrated with great festivity and magnificence.

Bright were their prospects of selicity. Wealth, rank, beauty, youth, and mutual love, crowned the hymeneal hour, and every desire was then sanctioned by virtue. No one was more sincerely delighted at this happy termination of Novini's long courtship than Vignolo.—He had long been apprehensive of the susceptible Maddalena's yielding at discretion to her fascinating lover, and had even ventured to rouse her watchfulness by secret and forcible admonitions. He now expected the perfect reformation of his friend, and hoped to lead a life of tranquillity and friendship in the spot which gave them birth. Nor

was Marco the least happy of the joyous group. An alliance with nobility had for fome time been the fummit of his ambition, and the airs he now assumed were highly diverting. Refolving never to be feparated from his daughter, fo long the object of his unceasing care, he accompanied the bridal train to the castle. Perhaps the happiest moment of his life was that in which a fervant faluted him by the title of Noble Signore, and he beheld his darling mistress of so noble an edifice. On approaching the gates, the cavalcade was met by a band of female peafants arrayed in white, strewing flowers in the path, and finging the following sublime verses which Beatrice had felected from her romance to ferve as an epithalamium.

"Avaunt! grim-visag'd fiend Despair,
Gnash thy slinty teeth, and tear thy iron hair."

"A most exquisite couplet, indeed!" faid Novini, enraptured with the completion of his happiness, and unwilling to mortify his aunt, whom he guessed was the ingenious composer.

"The verses sound well," said Vignolo, smiling, "and are not deficient in fire." "But they would found far better," added Marco, "and have ten times more fire, if that fame Despair had gun-powder in his belly! then you know, Signore, when he gnashed his slinty teeth, a spark might blow him up in a twinkling as it were."

"That is a novel, brilliant, and striking idea," replied Beatrice. "I find a blind person may stumble on a diamond without knowing its value. Is not the term "iron hair," just, forcible, and appropriate?"

"Extremely so," returned her obsequious nephew. "Every wild beast has strong hair. Despair excels them all in strength; of course he must have stronger hair; and how can that superiority be better designated than by locks of iron? What say you, father-in-law?"

"Why count fon-in-law, I think Defpair cannot come under the hands of the barber, being as how iron hair can be little better than wires, and would spoil all his razors. A blacksmith indeed—"

"Peace! thou Vandal, Goth, Barbarian!" interrupted Beatrice. "The term will not be misunderstood by the learned world. They will instantly perceive my description description to be as proper and as beautiful, as the golden and filver tresses of the poets. Recommence the hymeneal strain, Arcadian virgins?"

"Avaunt! grim-visag'd fiend Despair,
Gnash thy flinty teeth, and rend thy iron hair!
For lo! the car of Hymen comes,
His torch spreads wide a Heavenly light;
Arabia sheds her richest gums
To scentify this happy night."

"Scentify the night! Exquisitissimo!" cried Novini.

"Descend, bright Love, from roly skies,
And crown with peace thy favour'd pair;
Cause soon a smiling train to rise,
As Pallas, wise, and as thy mother, fair."

"Homer eclipsed, by Jupiter!" exclaimed the count.

" What is your opinion now, Marco?"

"Why, noble fon-in-law, 'tis not natural. A finiling train, I suppose, means children. Now where's the use of asking them to come soon? If you had all the love in the world they cannot be born till their time's come, being as how 'tis impossible. As to wise Pallas, why didn't the silly poet call him Solomon at once, that is, with-

out this round-about way. 'Every body mayn't know what is meant."

A loud laugh declared the party's approbation, or, as the fair author thought, their contempt of his criticism.

> "Ye radiant Hours glide foft away, Joy flashing from your wings; And whisper, as ye close each day, To-morrow Rapture springs!"

"That's really excellent," faid Maddalena, willing to applaud without offering much violence to her judgment.

"Yes, yes;" replied the count in a whifper, "that, I must confess, is tolerable.— But you know a blind person may stumble on a diamond without knowing its value."

The heavy bell from the turret tolling the hour, again roused Marco's critical acumen.

- "I wonder, countess Maddalena," said he, "how you can like that sing-song stuff about whispering hours. I say it is a very unnatural, that is, a very odd kind of a whisper, which I warrant can be heard a mile off."
- "It is only a poetical licence," replied Novini." I wish the poet were here, he should

should have the most distinguished place at our assembly to-night."

Impatient for the applauses of the company, Beatrice now declared herself the author of the epithalamium. Novini, bending on one knee, gravely hailed her by the title of Sappho, and hinted the probability of her being crowned, like Petrareh, with laurel by the senate of Rome, when the same of her lyre had spread through the universe. All the company paid their compliments on the occasion. Her former conduct when visiting her wounded nephew having inclined the simple merchant to believe her brain was disordered, he now said to Novini with great serious-ness:

Safe-o was the maker of them there rhimes, I should not have said a word, that is, a single syllable against them. No, not if beside shinty teeth and iron hair, she had given Despair a nose like a ship-mast, or eyes like a couple of sull moons; being as how it is not Christian-like to mock the soolish, at least those that are not wise. May Saint Mark help her, poor thing!"

For several months Novini continued to

relish the tranquillity of a domestic life, and feemed to live only in the presence of his lovely bride, who, for her part, was happiness itself, and no defire ever wandered beyond the fphere of her enjoyments .-Unfortunately one year elapsed, and there was still no prospect of an heir. To the fanguine Novini this disappointment was fevere. He had already determined that his first fon should be a general, the second a bishop, the third - but in fact there was no end to his plans, which were modelled and re-modelled according to the whim of the moment, or his apprehensions. of the genius of his contingent offspring. He was also anxious to enjoy the glowing feelings of a parent, particularly when he beheld his friend Vignolo bending with rapture to falute his rofy boy. From this period his fource of happiness, erewhile deemed inexhaustible, sunk into very narrow bounds. Blind to the present, his whole foul leaped forward to embrace a future good, and the least opposing obstacle encreased his chagrin. His excursions to the capital now became more frequent and of longer continuance. Mixing with his. former unprincipled companions, they prompted dille

prompted his impetuous passions, and conducted him into various scenes of profuse and vicious diffipation. With much concern Vignolo witnessed this lapse from virtue; but weak are the pains of friendship to the agonies of love. Often, when fecluded from observation, would Maddalena indulge the acute feelings of forrow, at his growing indifference; yet fo far from upbraiding him with a long absence, she had fufficient fortitude and good fense to welcome his return with a fmile of cordiality. All Vignolo's endeavours to fix him in the path of duty and honour were ineffectual. Even while Novini acknowledged the force of his arguments, and fmarted beneath the probings of friendship, he, either by a fprightly fally or hafty retreat, would elude the "fermon" as he gaily styled the proffered counsel. Surprising his friend one day alone, Vignolo, after fome preliminary discourse, intimated that it was highly probable his irregularities had involved the woman whom he fo ardently loved, and whose affection was still unabated, in the greatest distress.

" No, my sermonizer, you are there mistaken. So far from being in distress,

she is as happy as myself, and never meets me without a smiling countenance."

"Excellent woman! But trust me, Novini, if you beheld her tears shed in the hours of privacy, and heard her vows to Heaven for the renewal of your expiring love, you would know how to value a smile rising from a bleeding heart."

"Nonsense!" said the count, somewhat affected. "Have you ever observed her in tears? Are you her consident? She has not, I hope, complained to you?"

" Never, upon my honour!"

"Then depend upon it, your description is only fancy, mere poetic imagery. Yet you have not fire enough for a poet. Compared to my aunt Sappho, you are as ice to the meridian sun. Your cold heart is however happy; and indeed you have cause for happiness, in being blessed with a son which perfects your conjugal selicity, and in whom you may always behold something new; while I have nothing but Maddalena."

"Nothing but Maddalena! Good Heavens! she to whom every impulse of your energetic soul was lately directed!

—Did you not once say even on this very

very spot that in Maddalena you should have pleasures, rosy pleasures, ever fresh and blooming, and that you desired no other paradise than to lead an eternity with so charming an Houri? Behold the lamentable change! your eternity contracted to a sew months. Had you children, short, very short would be their power to check your extreme volatility. Were I to choose an emblem expressive of your constancy, it should be that insect whose existence is said to terminate on the day of its commencement."

" But where," replied the count, " shall I find an emblem fufficiently expressive of the frigid Vignolo? Must it be the torpid shell fish, self-rivetted to the rock, content with the scanty fare wasted into its stony lips, and without power or inclination to extend the boundary of its enjoyments? My constancy would be founded on everlasting foundations, should I be once blessed with a rifing family. Every fun would then produce fome change, that is, new pleafures. Now tracing a parent's likeness in their fweet opening features, directing their first efforts to express their pure simple ideas, then progressively conducting them through the intricate mazes of error, and clearing

clearing the impediments to the daring flights of genius, would never cease to interest me; since all these different objects may be infinitely diversified according to the age, sex, capacity, and disposition of my children."

"Ah! my friend, you rear a magnificent structure of fortunate probabilities, but wholly overlook the cloud of evils likely to overshadow it. I doubt if the gratification of your fondest wishes could render you permanently happy. To how many parents have children proved a source of unmitigable sorrow. However this may be, your present manner of life is a wretched specific for disappointment. Though scenes of dissipation may extinguish human feelings, yet in the hour of retirement conscience awakes, afferts her rights, and —"

"Say no more, I'm now determined to give them up for ever."

"True," faid Vignolo, smiling, "you are ever determining to do so."

"Aye, laugh till your jaws ache, only hear the plan I am now resolved to execute. During the late contest between our sovereign and Lorenzo de Medici, I was often ashamed that even the enthraldom of love should

should have kept me from the path of glory. When all Naples resounded with the praises of the duke di Calabria, our general. I fometimes imagined that the title of Novini awakened the remembrance of my father's exploits in the field, and that every eye censured his inglorious successor. Now, however, I intend to wipe off all reproach. The duke is about to attempt the expulsion of the enemies of our holy faith from Otranto, and I mean to enter the lifts for glory under the auspices of our gallant countryman. The campaign terminated, I shall return to Maddalena covered with laurels, and glowing with renewed love. Perhaps. the may meet me at the castle gates, bearing in her arms a lovely boy, for I must have a fon and heir. Well, my friend, what fay you to my plan?"

"That it will encrease Maddalena's forrow, and that I would rather vegetate in contentment, than sly, like you, through the gay scenes of life, a constant prey to distatisfaction.

"So much the better. Are you so little of a philosopher as not to know that distatisfaction is the grand cause, the primum mobile, of all human improvement.

Man

—Man might still have been the wretched inmate of some rugged cavern, scooped by the hand of nature, had not its inconveniencies gradually awakened his inventive powers; whence successively arose the more commodious hut, the stately edifice, temples decorated with the glowing pencil of genius, and marble starting into life. All which would never have been, had the first race of men been like you."

"Your exuberant spirits, nothing, I believe, can allay. But let me ask you one question. Between a life of tranquillity, of debauchery, and of blood, is there no medium?"

Medium! I abhor mediums. Like the oftrich, they flutter on the earth, but are incapable of foaring to the glowing firmament of Heaven. Now I love a fublime and daring flight, and wish to be enrolled in the annals of fame, which can never be obtained by your uniform placid goodness. You will live unnoticed and unknown; for man is more deeply impressed by the tempessuous ocean, than by the calm unchangeable aspect of a lifeless lake. Besides, a proper mixture of virtue and vice is absolutely necessary to the here. Each,

like

like the contrast of light and shade, being then rendered more conspicuous and striking."

brighter from a contrast with others vices than my own."

"Then I suppose I must appear devilishly black while you are standing at my elbow. Fgad! you shine so much at my expence, that it is time I should be moving."

"Dear count, for once be serious. Soon you may have too much reason. The period may now be approaching when you shall be compelled to lead a stationary life, with a mind still eagerly panting after novelty, and devoured by desires while incapable of gratifying them. How extreme will your misery and remorse then be! If dangerously wounded during your military career, all this may come to pass. Resect, therefore, ere it be too late."

"By Heavens!" exclaimed Novini, "I can bear it no longer. Avaunt! thou raven, ever croaking gloom and disaster.—
My design is not to be bassled by an endless train of its, and perhapses, and may bes.
I trust to Fortune's favours, and behold nothing save victory, glory, and laurels. My father

father himself always said——— But arguments are lost upon you. I once intended to request your company, but I see you are assaid of a bloody nose, or unwilling to deprive the world of the benefits of your wisdom,"

"Well," faid Vignolo, "you are absolutely impenetrable to the dictates of reafon and duty. I wish you ——"

"May be as impenetrable to swords and bullets. I know that is the conclusion of your benevolent wish. Let me retreat while it is possible to retain sentiments of gratitude for your generous interposition." And away slew Novini.

When he communicated to Maddalena has intention of joining the army, already advancing against the implacable enemies of Christendom, she shuddered with apprehension, as the horrid scenes of slaughter were embodied by her too vigorous imagination. Hopes of his reformation had hitherto enabled her to support, with some degree of calmness, the decrease of his affection; a solace which might soon be annihilated by death. She now more than ever regretted that Heaven had not blessed her with children to strengthen the nuptial tye, and

and attract him to domestic tranquillity.— Clasping her arms around him, she warmly conjured him, by the remembrance of their former love, and her sears of eternal separation, to forego his dangerous design.

"Your absence at this period," added she, "may afford your daring enemy, Rizambo, the opportunity of perpetrating the basest villany."

Extremely affected by her manner, Novini affectionately returned her embrace, and affured her there was no foundation for fuch alarms.

" Besides," added he, " no danger whatever ought to fland in competition with the preservation of your husband's honour, which must affuredly suffer if I now recede from my engagement. absence will continue only a few months. Our enemies are a mere handful, and the Papal and Genoese fleets will prevent them from deriving any fuccour from their own country. As for Rizambo, the duke and no duke, his non-appearance for fuch a length of time, makes me conclude he is either gone to visit his grand-dad, or to feek his fortune in other climes. This, however, my dear, you may depend upon, that from

that he dares not shew his imperial visage in this neighbourhood, lest Justice should take off his other ear, with his head at the side of it."

Somewhat satisfied by his assurances, and believing his address more tender than usual, Maddalena at length reluctantly yielded to the necessity of his departure. Beatrice and Marco joining them at the conclusion of their discourse, were informed of the count's design, which met with the most unbounded approbation from his romantic kinswoman.

"No knight," faid she, "ought ever to be rewarded with the enchanting smiles of the heavenly fair, if he hesitate, one moment to break a lance with a Payenne chief. Oh, Pietro! when the enemy open their gates to your irresistible attack, and you rush in like an overwhelming torrent, pollute not the order of arms, by pillage or slaughter. Fly, like the forked lightning, to the distressed virgins, and—"

"For shame! for shame! aunt. Don't put such wicked thoughts in my head."

"Nephew! Why, oh why, dost thou thus wilfully and wickedly pervert my meaning, chaste and pure as the morning dew from heaven. Far, far be it from me, to fanction the daring ravisher, or throw one blot on the snowy robe of radiant chastity! No! Pietro, when you observe the forlorn damsels of Otranto beating their ivory bosoms, rending their luxuriant tresses, while torrents of briny tears pour down their pallid cheeks, rush to their relief, and preserve their virgin honour, although you should perish in the attempt."

" God forbid!" faid Maddalena.

" So fay I, countefs daughter. But don't be afraid, being as how, count fonin-law is not fuch a fool, that is, he is wifer than to kill himself because he cannot save distressed damsels. By Saint Mark! that would be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, and make you a widowed countess into the bargain. No, fon-in-law, I'd let them there infidel virgins pull their hair, and cry their eyes out, before I would stir a single inch to comfort them. I wish, when they are beating their ivory bosoms, their hands may change into peftels, (and nothing is impossible to Saint Mark) then, mercy on us! what a clatter they would make."

" I am

I am astonished," replied Beatrice, how any person, possessing one atom of divine sensibility, can listen with patience to such low, poor, grovelling sentiments. I should as soon hope to fan the snow on the losty Apennines into a conflagration, as to kindle one spark of true heroism in thy frigid soul!"

Darting a look of ineffable contempt at poor Marco, she withdrew to her study with Maddalena, of whose taste and judgment she began to entertain a savourable opinion.

"Do you hear, Marco? She hints that you are a coward," faid the count.

"I don't mind her hints. Poor thing! The once talked of living for ever. God help her! if that was the case, she would do well for the wars, being as how she could not be killed.—Ah, count-son-in-law, I am pleased that you are going to save your precious soul by slaughtering the wicked Insidels. I now forgive you every thing. It is truly a worthy and blessed service, because they are the greatest sinners in this world, and perhaps in the other too; but of this I cannot be certain, as I never was there in my life, and none but

the dead live there.—I wish I was thirty years younger, I would then go with you myself to fight against the enemies of our souls and bodies, and trust to my ever-blessed namesake for safety. However, since I am as I am, I must stay from the wars."

""
Oh, but you and I do not part so easily. You can never be too old to begin a good work. When you have a good sword at your side, and a helmet on your head, have seen a few bloody battles, and lost a limb or two, you will feel your-

felf quite a different man."

"Why, count fon-in-law, I'm well content as I am; and who knows, if I was a different man, that is, not the fame, whether I should be happier than I am now. Besides, I cannot think of troubling Saint Mark too much. I have been long imploring his protection during my journey to the holy house of Loretto; there to kneel before the image of our blessed Mother, and pray for a grandson to comfort my old age, and a son to comfort your's; for you also, son-in-law, as young as you are now, will be as old as myself, or older, if you don't die before it. I will also be each a blessing

a bleffing on your enterprize, as I wish to be of some assistance in destroying the Infidels."

" May all your petitions be granted," faid Novini, yawning. " While you are determining what to offer at the holy shrine,

I will prepare for my departure."

A few days after this conversation, Novini bade adieu to his weeping confort, his aunt, and Vignolo, and set off, in high spirits, to join the Neapolitan army. Full of his pious, and, as he believed, meritorious undertaking, Marco at the same time commenced his pilgrimage to Loretto, bearing two massy golden candlesticks for the decoration of the altar of the bleffed Virgin. As he was passing a Carthusian monastery in the neighbourhood, our enthusiastic pilgrim recollected that a piece of the true cross might be an effectual safeguard from the dangers incident to fo long a pedestrian journey, and that his ghostly father, fince the preceding night, might have received from his protecting faint fome communication respecting his pilgrimage. Impressed with this idea, he rung the bell, gained immediate admittance, and, for a round fum, obtained a fragment of the true crofs.

The artful monk, his confessor, well knowing the extreme superstition of Marco, and that the enforcement of any singular or painful performance, would rather strengthen than relax his hold upon his conscience, said, with great solemnity:

" My dear fon, you cannot hope to procure the favour of Heaven, or the Bleffed Virgin, unless you divest yourself of all attachment to the drofs of this world. You must strive, therefore, with your whole ftrength, to thun the allurements of pleafure in this life, as you must of necesfity do in the next. Now, as nothing is more dear to a person advanced in years than bodily eafe, I charge you, for the love of Heaven, and the preservation of your own foul, to travel barefoot; and whenever you behold the holy cross on your journey, I conjure you, by the five wounds. by our holy mother, by Saint Mark your benefactor, and by all the faints in Paradife. to repeat five Ave-Maria's, seven Pater-Nofters, and on your naked back bestow forty stripes save one."

Marco readily promised implicit obedience. Paying his charge, and receiving benediction, he vigorously proceeded on his superstitious errand, greatly inspired by

possessing the holy relic.

How different would have been his fenfations, had he beheld the original broomflick to which it was formerly united!

HAP. X.

He hath strange places cramm'd With observations, the which he vents In mangled forms. Where then? How then? What then? Let me fee wherein ? SHAKESPEARE.

WITH a heart unclouded by care, Novini continued his journey to Otranto, the fiege of which had already commenced.-Juftly deeming parade of any kind to be a check on freedom and celerity of design, he travelled with only one attendant, whose fervices he was also induced to dispense with a few days after his departure from the caf-This favoured domestic, coming to his native village, which lay in their route to the scene of warfare, was so much attracted by scenes awakening the remembrance of his boyish delights, and so strongly intreated

ed by his relations, and, above all, by the warm emotions of his own heart, on finding the dear object of his youthful love still faithful, that he folicited the count's permission to resign his present station.

"I suppose," said his master, "you are now asraid to encounter the dangers of war."

"No, Signore. I am not prompted to this apparently ungrateful step by fear, but affection. Here I was born, here my aged parents reside, and here (blushing as he spoke) the charming Annette—"

"The charming Annette!" repeated the count. "Oh, ho! There is love in the case. You need no other apology.—Go, my honest sellow," added he, liberally rewarding his former services, "go, and be happy."

The servant now offered to attend him to the next town, but this Novini refused, saying, jocularly, "Annette is now your mistress, and I will not be attended by any other servant than my own. A sew hours will bring me to Levorano, where I shall provide myself with another attendant, until I send for Roberto from the castle."

Well acquainted with his master's tem-

per, the fervant, with many thanks for his bounty, made no farther opposition. Quitting the hamlet, he rode brifkly forward, until the steeples of Levorano towered above the horizon; when, being certain of having time to reach the city ere the gates were shut, he slackened his pace to observe more minutely the natural and artificial beauties of its situation. From this agreeable contemplation he was awakened by a distant murmur of voices, which he soon perceived was occasioned by a company of peasants enjoying the tranquillity of evening. Stretched beneath a verdant shade of chesnuts, they seemed to feel with peculiar delight the cool aromatic breeze, fo refreshing after a sultry day. The chords of a guitar were now struck, and the young peasants rose up to dance. He stood for some time contemplating them through an opening of the trees, and admiring how little made his poor countrymen happy. He was now inclined to believe that his friend's reasoning in favour of a country life was founded on more folid principles, and more consonant to nature and virtue, than his own arguments for a life of unreferved intercourse with the pleasures of the world.

" Thefe

full enjoyment of happiness. Poverty may depress them for a moment, but they are never miserable. They seel no mental agony. A sew grapes, a sew onions, with a small portion of brown bread, surnish them a contented meal. Can I be more than content, when a whole hecatomb smokes before me, and my palate is solicited by a thousand dainties? If a sew evils disturb their uniform life, religion teaches them resignation, and smooths their path to the grave."

The tinkling of the guitar, and the loud voice of mirth suddenly ceasing, gave another turn to the count's unusually grave reflections. A few whispers of anxious apprehension were alone perceptible. Wishing to know the cause of this cessation of pleasure, and loving to enjoy nature in its humble, but pure and artless state, he hastily dismounted, and, fastening his horse to a tree, drew nearer the assembly. He now found the abrupt termination of their innocent mirth was owing to a kind of halo which surrounded the full orbed moon. All gazed with earnest alarm on that natural phenomenon, and offered their supersti-

tious opinions as to the disastrous event it prognosticated. This gratifying the count's ruling passion for novelty, he listened with great pleasure to their remarks.

"I think," faid one, "it forebodes the death of a fovereign prince; or perhaps our most Holy Father."

"Rather an earthquake, or dreadful eruption," faid another.

"Holy Virgin preserve us!" exclaimed a third, "from such dreadful visitations; yet I hope it signifies only the deseat of the Christian army."

Another afferted—But the credulous and horrible apprehensions of the whole group cannot be better depicted than by the poet:

THOMSON.

For some time the count listened to their pious deprecations of the calamitous portent, and smiled at their ridiculous interpretations.

"After all," thought he, "happiness and misery appear equally balanced in every station.

Busy frenzy talks

Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd

And late at night in swallowing earthquake funk,

Or hideous wrapt in herce afcending flame,

Of fallow famine, inundation, ftorm,

Of pestilence and every deep distress."

station. Although these poor rustics be unconcerned at difficulties which would mar my selicity, yet, in return, they are distressed at a natural phenomenon which I can behold with pleasure rather than sear. If little imparts happiness, still less can shroud the sunshine of their souls."

Having, at length, fully satisfied his curiosity without being observed by the rustic affembly, he was about to remount his horse, when a loud exclamation from an old grey-headed peasant, rivetted him to the spot.

"Oh, bleffed Mother!" cried the old man. "See, the ring about the moon is as red as blood. In all my born days I never faw the moon shine so dreadful."

"The moon!" replied a young man, just then coming up. "The moon! Ignoramus. It is not the moon, properly speaking, that now gives light, but the sun, as I have heard my master the great philosopher say. But you seem to know no more of philosophy, and experiments, and the seven planets, and the stars than I myself once did. You think every thing in nature is ipso facto, as my master used to say, what it appears to your narrow bounded views.

So did I once, but thanks to philosophy, I now know better. I did not live so long with Muller, the great German philosopher*, and Father Paul, not to know a few crinkum crankums."

He spoke with so much volubility that none of the astonished group offered to interrupt him.

"What! honest friend," said Novini, taking advantage of a pause, "do you maintain the moon is the sun?"

"No, Signore," replied the stranger, bowing, "I know better than to say that. I have learned to come at proofs and to make distinctions. The sun, as every wise-acre knows, is the sun, and the moon's the moon, all the world over. But this, Signore, I'll maintain, that the light, which ignorant people call moonshine, is, in reality, sunsshine, as I have many times heard both my masters say; and they knew every thing in nature. Now, Signore, I think it is not fair to rob the sun of his due. So, whenever I see that globe, my master said it is a globe, and that it serves as a looking-glass to the sun, I say, the sun shines bright to-

^{*} More generally known in the scientific world by the appellation of Regio-montanus.

night, and foolish people laugh and call me mad. But ah, Signore, had they seen what I have seen, your astrolobes, and your horoscopes, your philosophers, and your naturals, your sun-dials, and your moondials, they would study the stars night and day."

"Will all your fine palaver make us fee the better?" faid a peafant. "Or yet reverse the evil fign?"

"He's not worth spending your breath upon," said another. "Let us leave the fool to his sunshine."

The moon having refumed its wonted afpect, the rustic band broke up, and proceeded to their respective homes, leaving the would-be philosopher alone with Novini. Interested by the singularity of his manner, and originality of his conversation, and imagining this anomaly from common every-day characters would prove an inexhaustible source of amusement, the count determined, if he was unengaged, to receive him into his service.

- " My good fellow," faid he, "have you left this philosophical mafter?"
 - " Alas! Signore, he left me."
 - That is, turned you away?"

"Oh, no, Signore. Why, bless your heart! I was his affistant, his necessary factorum, his experimenter, and knew all his p's and q's. He used to call me his philosophical instrument. Oh, ye holy faints! had he lived, I should not have been here."

" Death has then finished your master and all his phliosophy?"

"No, Signore, not all his philosophy. I still remember some of hiis dscoveries.—
If death had had the least particle of judgment, he would sooner have taken life from one of those silly clowns who called me sool, than from my master, who, in watching one of your eclipses of the planets, caught cold and died. Oh, he was a nize man! I wish I could meet with such another master."

"Will you go with me? I am now in want of a fervant."

"Tell me first, Signore, what is your employment?—Where are you going?—What countryman are you?—Are you a true catholic?—Have you—"

"Ha! what the devil have we got here?" exclaimed the count. "An Inquifitor in masquerade?"

" Don't

"Don't be offended with me, Signore, till I give you the whys and the wherefores. I give reasons for every thing. I ask these questions because I don't love to quit my country, nor yet to serve an heretic. You may be a Wicklissite, or Hussite, or Albigense, for what I know. I like to stand upon firm ground. If you please me as well as Father Paul did, nothing but death shall part us."

The tears trembled in his eye as he spoke. Pleased, rather than offended, with his frank familiarity, and admiring his disinterestedness and affectionate regard for his former master, Novini condescended to answer his interrogatories, and added that, in a few days, he expected to join the duke of Calabria's army which was about to exter-

"I'm not very fond of a foldier's life," replied Tomaso Grimaldi, for such was the name of the stranger, "and as for destroying Infidels, I don't like that either."

minate the Infidels from Christendom.

"How! Not like to destroy Infidels!"
exclaimed Novini, with pretended zeal.—
"What religion do you profess? Are you
wifer than the Pope? Your reasons
pray?"

" Reasons,

" Reasons, Signore? I have always plenty of them. My master and I never did any thing without reasons, and trials, and proofs. I wish Infidels were as holy as us Christians; but I cannot help thinking, Signore, that if you and I were to fludy for an hundred years, we could not find a better way of preventing the Mahometans. from recanting their damnable errors, or from finging the hymn to the Bleffed Virgin, than by taking the breath out of their bodies; for finging and speaking, as Father Paul used to fay, are caused solely by air coming out of the windpipe. Poor things! let them enjoy some happiness in this changeful world. In the next, they will be certain of eternal damnation."

"You reason very well," said Novini, smiling. "But I must proceed on my journey. Are you agreed to accompany and serve me as you did Father Paul?"

"Why ye—es, Signore," replied he with hesitation. "If, however, you were a philosopher, I should like you far better."

"I tell you, my honest fellow, I am a philosopher. I am now going to make some scientifical experiments on the wield-

ing

ing of fwords and the projection of cannon-balls."

"Scientifical experiments! I'll go with you this very moment. Ah, your honour is a philosopher sure enough. Friar Paul was always experimenting. He could make experiments on any thing under the sun; aye, Signore, or above it either. Yet he never thought of swords and cannon-balls. Once, however, he tried one upon me.—
Being curious to know how long a person could live without —"

"Repeat it as we go along," interrupted in Novini. "For if the gates of Levorano be shut, the natural consequence will be, that we shall not get in."

"Ha! Signore. That is proof de-

The count now mounted his horse. His new attendant, holding by the stirrup, walked by his side, repeating his narrative of Father Paul's rare experiments.

"One day Signore, when I was wishing that I could read and write all your learned lingos, and be of use to the seven sciences, my master said I might greatly advance their interests, notwithstanding my ignorance of Greek and Latin, if I was but willing

willing to mortify myself a little. I told him, I was very willing to doa thing lawful and not forbid by the church."

"I think," faid Novini, "there was no room for apprehension on that account."

- "Oh, yes, Signore. He minded philosophy and the stars far more than religion and the saints. Why I saw him once step on the head of Saint Michael, to reach one of his heathenish books from the shelf. I never mentioned that, or he might have been expelled, which would have been a great pity, for he was a good man, and gave more to the poor than any of his brethren."
- "Proceed with your ftory," faid the count.
- "Yes Signore." "Oh," faid Paul, "I do not require any thing unlawful. I have just been reading an account of the different capacities of animals for enduring abstinence from food. I find that a cat can live thirty days, and a dog somewhat less, but I wish to know how long a man can retain life without sustenance. I think you may be of service to me in this case."—Observing me rather alarmed, he added, 'Your mind, Tomaso, will doubtless be better

better adapted for the reception of knowledge when abstinence shall have reduced that clod, your body, to philosophical dimensions. That the dregs and dross of matter may be purged away, and the motions of the foul become more unconfined. are the true reasons of the fasts ordained by the church. What improves religion, cannot, furely, retard philosophy. To demonstrate the possibility of this, is the chief end of the experiment. I do not mean to let you expire, but will affuredly step in at the critical moment to Nature's assistance.'-But,' faid I, " if the critical moment should come when you are asleep, or at your devotions, or reading your ancients. or poring at the heavenly planets, you may be too late a-coming.'- 'If I be too late,' replied he, 'you will still have the comfort of dying in the cause of philosophy. As, however, you are not fo ardent in the purfuit of knowledge as I once thought, I shall gradually proceed with my experiment.-Your first fast shall continue only for one day, your fecond for two, and fo on, until I can eafily infer the critical moment's arrival, and witness the progressive dawning of your clouded intellect.'

"So, Signore, as he had been very kind to me, and as I wished my mind purified, I, at length, agreed to his proposals. That same night, he led me to a small room at some distance from the convent, locked me in. and went away. The first fast passed off nicely, as I had eaten a hearty supper, and had often done as much for the faints. Before the fast of two days commenced, I stole into my mafter's study, and tore out a leaf of a large outlandish book, determining if, at the expiration of two days, when the faculties of my foul ought to be refined and piercing, I should be unable to read the learned lingo, that I would not confent to be locked up a third time."

"Well, Signore, I was again conducted to the same room. My master, suspecting I had concealed some provisions, searched my pockets; happily, the least which I had hid in my bosom, escaped him. During the second day, I looked at the ancient language above a hundred times, but not understanding a syllable, I thought my master's plan a very bad one, and that it did not become a servant to study philosophy, When he came in the evening, I said that if sasting and growing lean made a fool a philosopher,

pher, perhaps fattening a lean philosopher, like himself, would make him soolish again.

'This,' said I, 'will be a far pleasanter method of proving the truth of your conjectures.' 'Ha, Tomaso,' said he, 'that is a very good thought. We shall try that next. You never had such an idea in your life. Your soul now begins to operate with greater freedom. I must not by leading you to gluttony repress her powerful exertions. He then looked at my tongue, and selt my pulse, noting down the symptoms, as he called them, in a large book he brought with him for that purpose.

'Tomaso,' said he, where do you seel any particular sensation?'—' My stomach.'
'That is only natural, and becomes your situation. But do you not seel a kind of lightness, and airiness, a foretaste of ethereal being, as if you were more a-kin to spirit than matter?'

"I do feel a lightness," said I, but not as if I was a spirit, because my stomach —

'Still your stomach! For shame! for shame! Tomaso, exert more philosophy. I am glad, however, that you do feel a lightness, because that is always a forerunner of the purification of the soul.'

Saying

Saying he would call again in the morning, he, notwithstanding all my remonstrances, retired. As foon as he was gone, I took out my learned leaf, and attempted to read it by the light which came in at a high window; but although I made out the letters well enough, I could not understand what they were all about. Shortly after the convent bell rang. Imagining it was to call the brethren to supper, my stomach became fo unphilosophical that I tried to escape, but found it impossible, the window being at the very top of the room, and even barred with iron. I shouted, but the place was to lonely no one heard me; and as for the faints, I knew not which to call upon; for though I was certain that Saint Roach was to be petitioned in the plague, Apollonia in the tooth-ach, and fo on, yet I was ignorant what faint took care of a hungry belly. At last, Signore, I thought the best way would be to decide it by chance; fo I tore my outlandish writing into different fhaped pieces, and to each piece gave the name of a faint, refolving, after I had mixed them together, that the first faint I drew out should be the patron of a hungry belly. The lot fell upon Saint Joseph, and I prayed to him with all my might. But all was in vain. At length I became so exhausted with shouting and climbing, stamping and praying, that I sell asseep. I was dreaming of being at a fine seast in the resectory, when a loud noise above my head awakened me."

Their arrival at Levorano here interrupting the narrative; we shall embrace the opportunity of bringing our readers to a better acquaintance with Tomaso.

CHAP. XI.

Che Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice; Exforms short ideas; and offends in arts (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Faith, Gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed.
Pore.

ROME, the nursery of so many heroes, poets, and philosophers, had also the glory of giving birth to Tomaso Grimaldi. His parents dying in his infancy, the care of his nurture and education devolved upon his uncle at Ferrara, who was in every sense of the

Tomaso a heavy incumbrance. Here he spent his boyish years, and endured with great fortitude every hardship incident to his dependent situation, until he had the good sortune to attract the notice of Muller, the celebrated German philosopher, then studying Greek at Ferrara. He received the lively lad into his service, and, when invited to Rome by Pope Sixtus the sourth, to regulate the Roman Kalendar, restored poor Tomaso to his native city.

Observing the great deference and refpect paid to his mafter, he wished to become a philosopher also, but not having fufficient time, patience, or knowledge co letters, his ill-judged and random effoh were attended with very little fuccesso-His youth, respectful attention, and particularly, his alacrity in obeying the literati, who often affembled in his mafter's fludy, made him a great favourite, and, in confequence, he was feldom excluded from their scientifical disputes. With such opportunities and a furprifing memory, he infenfibly acquired an extensive acquaintance with the abstruse terms of various sciences, which he very liberally retailed to his affociates:

ciates: their marks of admiration at his learning caused him to believe he was rapidly advancing in the road to philosophy. Unfortunately, from liftening fo frequently to their philosophical harangues, where nothing was advanced without proof, or, at leaft, its femblance, he was gradually infected with a habit of asking a reason for every occurrence, however fimple or common, and plumed himfelf on his fuperiority when an answer could not readily be affigned .-Hearing Latin and Greek styled the keys of science, he sometimes apprehended that, without obtaining them, he could not pass the philosophical gates, and firmly believed that his ignorance, in that respect, was the chief reason of himself being laughed at, and his mafter admired. Although thus prevented from gratifying his thirst for the sciences, he was very liberal of his personal exertions, and of undaunted courage in performing fuch services as he was informed would be of utility to philosophy. Of this, his fasting was a memorable example, and he had mounted the career of mount Vefuvius for specimens of sulphur, entered the grotto del Cane, to prove whether its mephitis was as pernicious to man as to beafts, and swallowed a dose of Turkish opium, that he might experience its intoxicating effects.

While thus advancing in knowledge, his mafter, shortly after accepting the invitation of Sixtus, expired. As Tomaso had ferved him with great fidelity, he recommended him, with his dying breath, to the protection of Father Paul, a Neapolitan prieft, who had visited Rome on purpose to converse with the celebrated German. Tomaso having been often concerned at his master's indifference to the saints, looked forward, without pain, to the service of Father Paul, in whom religion and philofophy would probably be united. In fact, from observing the wonderful automatons of his late mafter perform actions apparently the refult of superior intelligence, and being fwayed by the ridiculous notions of the times, he had been fometimes inclined to believe that these effects of mechanical ingenuity owed their origin to the diabolical powers of forcery.*

Tomaso

Muller is faid to have made an artificial fly, which, taking its flight from his hand, would fly round the room, and at last, as if weary, return to its master: also an eagle, which, on the emperor's approach to Nuremberg, he sent out high in the air

Tomaso now spent his time in a very agreeable manner, as Father Paul, believing that his retentive memory of what had passed at Rome might furnish him with many valuable hints in his scientifical pursuits, admitted him to every experiment, and indulged him with greater freedom of difcourfe. His master's apparent indifference for his religious duties gave Tomaso, however, fome uneafiness, and would probably have blafted in the bud that affection with which he afterwards regarded him, had not his numerous acts of fecret benevolence convinced him he was no conjurer. The little knowledge he had acquired in the course of his fervices, fometimes staggered even his own faith in a few mysterious articles of the Romish creed. The automatons of Muller had also the baneful effect of causing him to suspect that Balaam's ass, Aaron's ferpentizing rod, and even Jonah's whale, were of fimilar construction!! his confessor he ventured to unbosom himfelf, faying, that his faith would have been much

to meet him, and that it accompanied him to the gates of the city. This account is doubtless very much exaggerated, yet the artist's skill must have been of no common fort to give rise to such reports.

much stronger had he seen the miracles with his own eyes. The holy father started back in astonishment.

" Oh, my fon," faid he, croffing himfelf, " the evil one is busy with thee. The devil, like a roaring lion, is always feeking whom he may devour. Faith, implicit faith, is the very effence and marrow of religion; but, had you feen the miracles, your belief could not have been fo meritorious. Can that faith be called bold or noble which requires the evidence of the carnal senses? And will not your belief gain more favour in the fight of Heaven, the greater opposition there shall be between your faith and your reason? You ought to be thankful to the Bleffed Virgin for having given you this opportunity of proving the extent of your faith, and I exhort you, nay, command you, on pain of excommunication, to believe with all your strength, in spite of every stumbling-block which Satan may place in your road to Paradife. All the faints have been tempted, and remember, my fon, there can be no triumph without a contest."

Happily for Tomaso, this sufficiently satisfied his conscience and lulled his suspicions,

cions, or the fword of St. Peter would have foon terminated his philosophical career. He continued with Father Paul till he died. Nothing memorable occurred after that event, till he met with the count di Novini.

The following morning Novini, after dispatching a letter to Maddalena, recommenced his journey to Otranto. Tomaso, who now thought himself very comfortably fettled, followed on horseback. From several parties on the road, they learned that Otranto had, for fome days, been closely blockaded, and foon afterwards met feveral open carriages laden with foldiers of the Christian army, who had been wounded in a desperate sally of the warlike Muffulmen. The count was greatly shocked at the miserable appearance of the fuffering wretches, many of whom were fo dreadfully disfigured as scarcely to retain the form of humanity. The imploring eye raifed to Heaven in filent mifery, and the bitter groans extorted by a fudden pang, brought forcibly to his recollection the kind warning of his friend Vignolo, and he felt that his present enterprize might vor. t. me can ke involve

involved

involve himself in similar calamities. At that moment he could have wished

" — For a lodge in some wast wilderness, Some boundless contiguity of shade, Where rumour of oppression and deceit, Of unsuccessful and successful war, Might never reach him more."

COWPER

Sympathy having opened his heart, he bestowed a considerable sum to relieve the wants of his diffressed countrymen. example was followed by I omaso's scanty offering, which confirmed him in the good opinion of his master. For some time Novini rode on in total filence, reflecting on the chances of warfare, his cool return to Maddalena's glowing affection, and his misfortune in not having an heir. As Tomafo knew, from experience, how apt philofophers are to be angry when the chain of their reasoning is suddenly broken, he dared not interrupt his profound meditation, tho' he longed to inquire what kind of experiments could be made on fwords and cannonballs. Determining not to be the first to break filence, and being averse from idleness, he pulled out of his pocket a pasty, which he had procured at Levorano, and was foon involved

Entaptured with the pleasing composition, and finding the subject suited to his taste, he entered with great earnestness upon his task, and in spite of a few obstacles, made a rapid progress in his study. The beauty of the country, and the absence of the wounded soldiers, having restored Novini's wonted vivacity, he turned about to Tomaso, who was just finishing his ana lysi and said,

with? Trying an experiment, I suppose?"

"Yes, Signore," replied Tomaso, smiling significantly. Thinking this a fit opportunity to inquire about swords and cannon-balls, he was proceeding to satisfy his curiosity, when Novini, reminded by the pasty of the story which had amused him the day before, desired Tomaso to recommence his sasting, as soon as he had concluded his eating, experiment,

"Yes, Signore, and you will find, before I have done, that, for once, I argued
better than my master, though he knew
both Greek and Latin.—You may remember, Signore, that I was awakened by
a loud noise. Looking up I saw Jerome,

the gardener of the convent, at the high window. 'Tomafo, Tomafo," oried he, what are you about there?'- Oh, good Jerome, faid I, I am almost starving. I have eaten nothing fince Monday.' 'Poor fellow!' replied he, and off he flew, but foon returned with a loaf and a bunch of dried grapes, which he threw down at my feet. I instantly seized them, and never thought of mafter, or philosophy, or the feven sciences, till I had devoured the whole; when, knowing the experiment was spoiled, I began to be afraid of the confequences. I entreated Jerome to help me out, but he faid that was impossible, as the door was very strong, and my master had the key. I now told him the reason of my confinement, and inquired by what means he had difeovered me. * Not finding you in the garden for these two days past,' faid he, "I fuspected you were employed about fome nonfense of the philosopher's; and when the porter informed me that Father Paul went out after vespers, with a large book under his arm, I resolved to watch his foot-Reps.' He also faid, (for Jerome has no tove for the feven sciences) that I was as great a fool as my mafter for fuffering myfelf - felf to be locked up for fuch purpofes, and that he thought I had had more regard for my precious foul than to fast two days for an experiment, when one day was sufficient for the best saint in the kalendar. He then contrived to lower down a flask of wine, and went away, faying, if I was not fet at liberty in the morning, he should either repeat his vifit, or complain to the Superior of fuch unchritian practices.

Believing my mafter would not return until the morning, I again laid myself down. to fleep. Wishing, however, to examine me in my dormant flate, as he called it, Paul came in foftly, and perceiving the flask and a few crumbs of bread, stamped, through excess of passion.

' How's this?" cried he, in a voice which fet me a trembling from head to foot.

" I was hungry,' faid I, ' and prayed to the faints, and Jerome the gardener came and tempted me with ____'

No more, Tomaso. I see how it is. By your folly is my time wasted, and the finest experiment defeated. I thought, from my friend Muller's recommendation, that you were of a more pure, refined, philosophical nature, than to permit the low

grovelling impulse of animal appetite to overcome you in this manner. How great would now have been your triumph, had you resisted Jerome's temptations. But I know how to punish you.

'No punishment, master,' said I, resolving to argue the matter with him. 'I have often heard you say, that involuntary errors ought always to be pardoned, and that Nature could not well be resisted. Now I'll maintain that it is more natural for a hungry person to eat a loaf than to throw it away. As for the triumph you talk about, I am certain I never could triumph while my stomach was in despair.'

Your stomach! Ah, that is your ruin. But the punishment of your gluttony shall not be corporeal. I intended to mention your efforts for the advancement of knowledge, to the philosophers of Rome, Pisa, and Florence, who would undoubtedly have recorded your name with honour in their immortal works. Of this glory you shall now be deprived. Yes, Tomaso, that loaf and that stask have prevented you from obtaining immortality. Jerome, instead of being a friend, has proved your greatest enemy.'

RIOVERIUS.

· Why,

Why,' inquired I, ' should the loaf and wine have triumphed over me?'——
For you must know, Signore, I always wish to know the reason, the rationale, as my German master used to call it, of every thing.

' Your swinish inclinations are the rea-

fon,' faid Paul.

But I want to know the reason of my having such swinish inclinations.

That is obvious enough, Tomaso. It is because you are compounded of those atoms which generate swinish appetites.'

But why, repeated I, was I com-

pounded of fuch atoms?"

Go, go,' cried he impatiently; 'you ask questions which no mortal can answer. You are a blockhead, and will never be a philosopher.'

"Yet, I think, Signore, I was at last too many for him; and I warrant, when I have learned Greek and Latin I shall soon be a

philosopher."

"Of that there can be no doubt," faid Novini, highly amused by his odd simplicity. "I think, Tomaso, you have a great genius for experiments."

"Oh,

"Oh, yes, Signore; I have a genius fure enough, and you will find me of great fervice to you when you begin your experiments on fwords and cannon-balls. But I should like to know how you intend to make them, and whether they will be of much fervice to philosophy."

Till now, the count had not once thought of his intimation to Tomaso, and was somewhat puzzled in what manner to satisfy his curiosity. Being, however, of ready invention, he at length replied:

"Doubtless, you have heard that the Turks believe a buckler, lined with the skin of a christian, to be absolutely impervious to any weapon, be itever so keen.* It is said, many of our foes have provided themselves with such powerful means of defence. Now I intend to ascertain by a series of experiments, secundum artem, the truth of this opinion, and also whether the skin of an unbeliever may not be of similar efficacy for the preservation of a true believer.

MILLER'S Letters from Italy, Vol. II.
Should

^{*} In the palace Caprea, at Bologna, there is a gallery ornamented with Turkish spoils, among which are bucklers fined with human skin, dressed like leather, taken from the backs of Christian prisoners. It is esteemed to be a particular security in battle.

Should the trial answer my expectations, it will be of effential service to science."

"Prove it, Signore. Let me have the rationale, and the fundamental points, and the fyllogisms."

"I will," faid the count, fmiling at his vehemence. As on this conversation might depend his future influence over his difputing domestic, he now determined, by a host of learned terms, to inspire a due reverence for his philosophical powers.

"First, by way of petitio principii, do you, Tomaso, allow life to be necessary to philosophy?"

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"Yes, Signore."

"Then, thus I proceed to the argumentum ad ignorantiam, and draw up my predicable in a manner at once syllogistical, analogical, and dialogical. Primo, Life is necessary to philosophy, there's my minor; Secundo, My experiment may save life, there's my major; ergo, Its tendency is savourable to philosophy, there's my conclusum. Quod erat demonstrandum."

Ignorance being ever the parent of childish admiration, Tomaso now believed his present master to be no wise inserior to Muller, or Father Paul, or even the seven

wise men of Greece. He, however, understood so much of his reasoning as to reply:

"To be fure, Signore, it is plain enough Death knocks philosophy on the head, but soldiers are not philosophers, so saving their lives cannot affist philosophy."

" A very acute remark!" faid Novini. "Yet, Tomaso, had you reflected on the intimate connexion subsisting between every part of the universe, and that it is beyond our power to ascertain what effects the mere change of position in one single atom may produce, it would perhaps have been spared. Who can affirm that the progeny of a common foldier might not have been distinguilhed for profound refearch, elegant difquisition, and become master of the arcanum natura? For example when you have learned Greek and Latin, you may be as great a philosopher as Father Paul, but had the man who married your mother, been killed in battle ere you were begottendetermination and the

"I should not now be an assistant philosopher," interrupted Tomaso, pleased with his master's compliment, convinced of the utility of the design, and eager to possess an impenetrable buckler.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Where is now your hero? a spectre—a body with out life, that feebly crawls the earth, the scoff of all that behold him.

SCHILLER.

HE following evening, about funfet, our travellers came within view of the ancient city of Otranto, surrounded by all the fplendid pomp of war. As Novini glanced over the tented field, where the foldiers were preparing their evening repast, some joining in the mazy dance, unmindful of tomorrow, others, in whose " fettled looks defiance lowered," furbishing their arms or skirting the camp with wary vigilance, he felt himself unusually interested, nor once thought of the dangers of war. Turning to the fouth, the fparkling fea met his admiring gaze, where lay, in proud majesty, the fleets of Rome and Genoa, their party-coloured enfigns quivering in the breeze. But what more particularly delighted him, because a still more novel spectacle, were the foldiers of Mahomet pacing the ramparts of Otranto. Their leaders he fancied he could diftinguish, as the fun glanced on their

their long beards and fnow-white turbans. The indistinctness of the objects perhaps afforded more pleasure than a nearer view would have done, as it gave his lively fancy full scope to arrange the " pomp and circumstance" of an Infidel garrison, without one disgusting feature to lessen his fatisfaction. The martial music of the Christian army roufing him from his contemplation, he hastened to the general and offered his fervices, which, on the knowledge of his rank and family, were gladly accepted, and he was foon appointed to a post of confiderable importance. Among his brother officers were feveral of his licentious companions, with whom he renewed his acquaintance. In the diffipated gaiety, and interesting situations of a camp, he seldom thought of the affectionate Maddalena, who was confuming her youthful days in forrow for his absence, and apprehensions for his fafety.

Meantime, Tomaso, who frequently distinguished himself by his fidelity and courage, was far more anxious for a successful issue to the grand slaying experiment, than to the operations of the besiegers. He often urged his master, by all the seven seiences

fciences, to execute his laudable design; but Novini, amused by his inquiries, contrived by various arguments to delay its execution, and at the same time to keep his spirit of curiosity alive.

"You, Tomaso," he would say, "think it extremely easy to line a shield with the skin of an Insidel soldier; but, unless he be a true bona side Mahometan, the experiment will not have a fair trial. Of this material point, we cannot, as yet, be certain, as the garrison, I understand, is, in part, composed of Greeks, Renegados, and even Guebres. If we could procure a dead Iman, I would try the experiment directly."

"Tomaso, by this time, entertained so high an opinion of his master, that he remained satisfied with this reasoning. That an Insidel priest might soon bite the dust, was his constant wish during a skirmish. Fortune seemed to hearken to his prayer. The Christian camp was soon afterwards alarmed about midnight by a desperate sally from the city. For some time all was confusion and dismay, and many a brave Christian sank beneath the sabres of the Insidels, who, trained under the banners of Mahomet the conqueror of Constantinople, were superior

superior in military skill to their opponents. They were now headed by one of their Imams, who, either deceived himself, or knowing the prodigious efforts of enthuliasm, declared that their prophet had promifed, ere the morning appeared, to deliver the uncircumcifed idolaters into their hands. This inspired leader was distinguished equally by his desperate valour, and his fingular appearance. He was clad in white woollen, which totally concealed his armour, and mounted on a black steed, apparently participating in his rider's enthusiasm. His arms were bare. In his left, he poised an enormous buckler; his right directed a flaming seymetar with dreadful effect on those who dared fingly to oppose him. Novini, now familiarized to danger and defirous of fignalizing himfelf, haftened to check his deadly progrefs, closely followed by Tomaso, the philosopher, exclaiming,

"Now is the time for the experiment. He is a true Mahometan, and his buckler is fword-proof. Oh, Holy Virgin! strengthen my master's arm, that his skin may protect true believers."

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The moon, rifing, threw her trembling rays across the fatal field. The valiant Turk waited not for Novini's approach, but flew to the attack, feattering death as he went. The combatants approached. Their faulchions were upraised, but ere the mighty stroke was given, the daring Infidel fell from his horse, mortally wounded by a musquet shot in the breast. Imagining himself deprived of a glorious victory, the count regretted the fatab stroke; not fo Tomaso, who, affured of his mafter's fafety, joyfully hastened to secure the invulnerable buckler. and to examine the Imam's skin for the noble experiment. Dispirited by the death of their leader, the Turks retreated to the a larger appointing with with brosvent city.

"Oh, Signore," faid Tomaso, on entering the camp, "that sturdy champion, in the white doublet, must be a true bona fide Insidel, and, I think, we cannot have a better skin for our bucklers."

"I am of your opinion, Tomaso. Tomorrow morning, if I can obtain permission of the duke, and we can have every thing in readiness, we shall begin our scientifical operations. When you have lined your buckler, you shall place it before your breast. breast, because you are a true Christian, and one of your comrades shall fire his trombone against it."

Tomaso much startled at this address. He now thought the experiment could not be very serviceable to philosophy, since it might prevent him from ever acquiring the learned languages.

"Ha!" faid he, "If I don't take care, this may be more dangerous to my poor fromach than even a two day's fasting."

Uneasy at this idea, he determined to have full proof of the shield's impenetrability, ere he trusted to it for his stomach's preservation. But from this trial he was prevented by the disastrous events of that day, which faved the valiant Imam's carcase from the fate of Marsyas. - Several movements of the garrison giving reason to fuspect that the enemy, undaunted by their late check, would renew their attack the following night, the watch was doubled, and Novini fent out to reconnoitre the fortifications. By this time a camp life had lost much of its novelty. Defirous of speedily terminating the fiege, he approached nearer than prudence might warrant, to obferve Ownel

ferve whether an affault was yet practicable. Though repeatedly warned by his faithful Tomaso that he, as yet, possessed not an invulnerable buckler, he did not attend to his danger until one of his followers was killed close beside him. He was haftily retreating when a musquet-ball entered the lower part of his back, and he fell without sense or motion. Tomaso gave a loud cry of horror. Summoning affiftance, he had his master conveyed to his tent. Lamenting the loss himself, his country, and philosophy would sustain by his death, he ran to the duke of Calabria, bluntly informed him of his mafter's misfortune, and defired him, " if he had the least love for a valiant officer, or the seven sciences, to fend his own furgeon to the affiftance of the count di Novini." The duke, attended by his furgeon, quickly followed the diftracted domestic.

The surgeon, after examining the wound, declared that the vertebræ were injured, and that, should the spinalis medulla be, as he feared, divided, he was past all human skill. A heavy groan from his patient evinced life to be yet remaining, and revived

revived the drooping spirits of his faithful attendant.

Treated with great care and tenderness, provided with the best professional skill that age afforded, he gradually awoke to recollection, but his intellectual powers seemed not to retain their wonted energy, probably owing to the intimate connection sublifting between the injured part and the feat of reasoning. His eyes, lately flashing the living fire of genius, varying with every emotion of his cheerful vigorous imagination, now expressed the utmost despondency. Dark melancholy had expelled that magic fmile, that air of perfect enjoyment, which could have charmed even indifference itfelf. Poor Tomaso endeavoured to rouse him from this apathy by a recital of his former adventurous experiments, but in vain. Diffatisfied with every thing around him, and defirous of procuring Maddalena's forgiveness, he intreated to be instantly conveyed to the refidence of his family. In vain were the dangers incident to fuch a long journey, undertaken in that situation, and the approaching downfall of Otranto, pointed out to him; neither fear nor curiofity had now any influence over him. His ardent ardent spirit was extinct, and every desire absorbed in that of rejoining his native home. His request was, at length, complied with. Being placed in a litter, attended by honest Tomaso, he revisited those scenes which lately rose to his view gilded with every charm health and a brilliant imagination could supply; but now, creation appeared a defart, without one attractive flower! His journey was tedious and painful, being frequently necessitated to remain feveral days at one city till he acquired sufficient strength to proceed to the next. Butfor Tomaso's affectionate solicitude, he might have perished. After an absence of eight months, he again beheld the lofty turrets of the castle, but with far different emotions. Maddalena, who had been informed of his fatal difaster only a short time! before, repeived him at the gates. Their meeting was highly affecting, and drew tears from the philosophical domestic. Witnessing the devastations made in that form which had engaged her youthful fancy, the keenest forrow rent her bosom, and she hung over him in speechless agony. Novini's exclamation of "Forgive, forgive," (b) solution vino cost recalled)

calion

recalled her fortitude, and the attempted to whisper peace to his troubled foul.

"My dear Pietro, do not despond. Heaven has yet bleffings in store for us. Behold," added she, taking a lovely infant from her attendant, "behold your daughter."

"My daughter!" faintly repeated Novini, and clasping the smiling babe to his breast, imprinted on its lips a father's kiss. The new and pleasing sensation did not, however, wholly suppress his regret that he had not obtained a son. It was this, and the apprehensions of raising hopes which might be satally disappointed, which had induced Maddalena and her friends to conceal her pregnancy from the count. She had also hoped that a joyful surprize would have more influence over such a mind as her husband's, than the resolution long expectation.

The unhappy fate of Novini shed a gloom over the whole household. Even Beatrice, who happened to be absent on his arrival, was so greatly affected that, for some weeks, she was incapable of proceedings with the unparalleled adventures of the fair Celia. Marco's only resource on this oc-

casion

casion was his boly name-sake; to whom he constantly prayed for the necovery of his noble son in-law. Vignolo, with all the ardour of friendship, shew to receive his once-gay companion, and contributed in a considerable degree to dispel the dark shades of melancholy from his soul. Here were no upbraidings, no pompous display of his own sagacity in forewarning him of his missortune, no suggestion that it might be deemed a judgment from Heaven; every word was soothing, and the glory he had acquired, the happiness he might yet enjoy in the bosom of his samily, depicted with a glowing pencil.

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Though attended by the most skilful surgeons of Italy, it was long ere he was declared out of imminent danger; and, even when his wound was healed, and the resources of art exhausted, he was lest in so deplorable a situation, that death seemed preserable to the leading a life which promised only a prolongation of misery. His lower limbs became so paralytic, that it was not without much difficulty he could rise from his seat without affistance; an office which devolved upon Tomaso, who continued to increase in his master's good opinimuch to increase in his master in

on, and soon ingratiated himself with every member of the castle. To Marco, indeed, his proofs and demonstrations were nearly as offensive as Beatrice's romantic sentiments, and seldom a day past without a contest.

When unusually depressed, Novini would avoid all communication with his family, and, secluding himself in his chamber, spend the lonely hour in repining at his inability to longer enjoy the diversified appearances of nature, or the cheerful intercouse of a jovial assembly. By indulging such unavailing regret, he became gradually insected with a misanthropical spirit, which he had not vigour to resist, and which neither the united endeavours of his friends, nor the smiles of his blooming child, could at all times remove.

Nor is this furprising; since he who had once felt a kingdom too confined for his versatile pursuits, who had been daily solicited to a thousand scenes of sestivity, who had ever been the center of attraction in the brilliant ball room, the soul of conviviality, the powerful spring which gave additional velocity to the car of pleasure, was now necessitated to remain cooped up as it were in a cage, to shrink from the glance of his summer

fummer companions, and even to count the chimings of the convent bell for a relief from his tormenting reflections. Intelligence of any entertainment, splendid enterprize, or new discovery, by reminding him of what he was, sharpened his misfortunes. Novelty had always been his favourite pursuit, and at present, when every day was but a gloomy image of the past, the brisk current of life settled into a stagnant lake. At intervals, the fad contrast fo forcibly ftruck his morbid fancy, that had not Religion interposed, and presented to his view the fears and hopes of another life, he would probably have rushed unbidden into the presence of his Maker. The change in his character was in no point, perhaps, more apparent, than his requiring the regular attendance of a confessor from the neighbouring Carthusian convent, and his punctual observance of the ceremonies prescribed by the Romish church When, like the gaudy infect circling from flower to flower, he tried every source of pleasure, so intent was he on the present, that he seldom thought of futurity; but now that an untimely frost had for ever banished the blosfoms of spring, he grew more interested in direction.

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the hopes of another life, where, only, they could be revived.

Sometimes, however, a spark of his former energy would dart through the obscuring gloom, and spread cheenfulness among
all the inmates of his house. He would
then pass hours in attending to the smiles
of his infant, and endeavour to affix a
meaning to every incoherent sound or
sprightly gesture. At such times he was
also capable of evincing his graticule for
the unceasing care of his still-affectionate
partner, and even to joke with his romantic
kinswoman, or to listen to the curious philosophical reveries of Tomaso.

on observing his master in better spirits than usual, "I wish you would think of amusing and instructing yourself by some experiments. We have a nice time now for astronomy, or astrology, aye, or all the seven sciences put together. You did not take the right way before, Bless your hearts! Signore, you should have locked yourself up in your chamber, placed a piece of paper before you, covered all over with a thousand crinkum erankums, your diagrams, and your problems, your tangents

tangents and your angles, and then studied away till your head ached."

"Till my head ached, Tomaso?"

"Yes, Signore, for both my masters always studied till their heads ached. Sometimes, indeed, Father Paul would fall afleep over his squares and his cubes, which was not unnatural; for if we philosophers have more brains than other people, our heads must also be heavier, and the heavier they are, the more apt to sleep, as might soon be demonstrated. It is, however, certainly far better to study in a foug chamber, like this, with every thing comfortable about one, than in a field of battle with cannon-balls flying about our ears, as at Otranto. The former can, at most, give you only the head-ache, but the latter may leave you no head to ache. So I hope, when your honour gets better, you'll not go again to the wars to try experiments, left you should lofe your perpendicular, and your foul fly off in a tangent, as my mafter once faid, when I tumbled head foremost down stairs."

"Well," faid Novini, faintly smiling, "I think I shall follow your advice. Meantime, desire Beatrice to send me the poems she

mentioned this morning."

"Yes, Signore;" and away tript Tomafo, whistling with all his might. Almost envying his cheerful domestic, Novini listened
to his rapid footsteps and lively notes, so expressive of a contented heart, when both, ere
vol 1.

he reached the bottom of the stairs, suddenly ceased. Curious to know the reason, he made his way, although with some difficulty, to the room-door, and observed Tomaso seated on the steps in a musing posture, his head leaning against the balustrades. Hearing him mutter "Yes, it must be so. By the Virgin a great discovery!" the count faid,

How now, Tomafo What have you

ovier, and the heavier they are bereverill

"Why, you must know, Signore, I have just been counting the steps, and found, upon a very accurate calculation, there are exactly thirty, neither more hor less. So, Signore, a thought happily struck me, that if one half was taken away, I, and the rest of the family Would lave no less than fifteen steps every time We came up; which would fave a great deal of floo-leather, you a confiderable expence, and the fervants the rime and trouble of cleaning them throughout the year." How fo, Tomaso ?"

"Oh, mafter, I can demonstrate it in a twinkling. Primo, as Father Paul used to fay when he began his propositions, there are three hundred and fixty-five days in a year. Secundo, I'll fave fifteen steps each time I come up or go down; and, should I pass them only twenty times a day, 'I'll save fifteen score daily. Now, Signore, if you can tell me the amount of three hundred and sixty-five times fifteen fcote, you will find what a prodigious

digious saving there must be in the year among all your servants."

Prodigious indeed," replied Novini, much entertained by his simplicity. " Why you will fave above one hundred thousand steps.

"Oh the Virgin! one hundred thousand steps faved by a single person! I with Father Paul was now alive. What a vast deal of cleaning and shoe-leather my project will fave in the family!" It is a considered will

"That, my good fellow, I very much doubt. Reflect, that the fewer the steps the larger they must be, and the greater the diftance between them; and that, by defeending with increased force and velocity, your shoes

would decay faster than before."

" I don't know that, Signore. Prove it. prove it. I will yield to nothing short of demonstration ocular. Let two flights of steps be erected of the same height, one with thirty, the other with fifteen, fteps, and I will prove, by actual experiment, which will wear a pair of shoes the fooner. WATE ATTINTO

We'll think about it, Tomafo, when the fine weather arrives. This we resw only olon

Aye, other we will, Signore. We have plenty of time for all kinds of experiments natural or artificial. Let me alone for managing them. Stairs are not fo dangerous as cannon balls. Befides, Signore, I once heard my old mafter fay, that man is the mere creaperverted,

STEWNS IN

ture of habit, and that Milo, one of your Grecian Roman gentry, by carrying a calf every day, was able to carry it when it became a bull. So we, mafter, by learning to do with half the number of steps, may at length do without any.—What an immense saving will then be!"

Novini could not forbear smiling at his reafoning, but thought proper to remind him of his errand.

"Oh, Signore, that's true. Philosophy has driven every thing out of my head. Let me help you back to your seat, and I'll bring you the poems in a twinkling. Who knows but they may give you a hint or two about our experiment?"

CHAP. XIII.

world dependently that be o

Pour qui ne les crois pas, il n'est point de prodiges. Voltairs.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unceasing cares of his family, and the arguments of Vignolo, who was now almost constantly his companion, the despondency of the count seemed daily to acquire strength, and, at length, settled into a kind of querulous hypochondriasm. The most beautiful, regular, and sublime objects, seen in an improper point of view, appear desormed, irregular, and mean; so to his perverted,

perverted, but still powerful, imagination, every generous passion of the human breast, every endowment which raises man above the brute creation, appeared more conducive to misery than happiness. The most trisling circumstance, even a gloomy day, often called forth a bitter philippic against the miseries of human existence.

" Alas!" would he exclaim, " how wretched is man! How fallacious the grounds on which naturalists have founded his superiority! We are above quadrupeds, say they, because we walk erect and face the Heavens; but is our pace more swift or more secure? We are above the class of fish, for we breathe through lungs; but, in return, are not the finny brood freed from pulmonary complaints? We are alfo, adds the short sighted philosopher, above the numerous tribes of infects, because no red blood circulates in their bodies. and dangerous superiority! which spreads contagion through every part of the human frame. Happy insects! ye need not the lance of the furgeon, nor have cause to tremble lest ye burft a blood-veffel!!"

As if real misfortunes were not sufficient, he was often distressed because Heaven had not blessed him with a son to inherit his name and

estate.

Meantime, Marco, though the felicity of an alliance with nobility had not equalled his expectations, was still very far from unhappiness. The regular observance of his devotions, the repetition of the tales of former times, and the cultivation of flowers, for which he had recently imbibed an attachment, fully employed his time, and the company of his dear Maddalena gave a zest to the whole. But his grand-daughter, "the little counters," as the fond old man loved to call her, peculiarly attracted him; the more fo, because he was confident her birth was principally owing to his painful pilgrimage to Loretto, and his oblation of two golden candlesticks to the Virgin. Actuated by this idea, and grieved to fee his noble fon-in-law's diffress for that which another pilgrimage could fupply, he offered to pay another visit to the Virgin, and pray for a grandson, on condition that it should be called Marco.

"I wish, count son-in-law," said he, "that Father Peter was alive, that I might have his benediction. But as that is impossible, at least very unlikely, for very sew have spoken after they had lost their breath, I must do as well as I can without it. I should, however, go with a far better heart, that is, better spirits, if I had his advice like the last time."

"What advice did he give you?" inquired.

"Why, fon-in-law, did I never tell you before? Father Peter gave me a piece of the true cross, and desired me to repeat five ave-marias, seven pater-nosters, and give forty blows,

blows, fave one, on my naked back, every time I faw the holy cross on my journey."

"Diavolo," exclaimed Tomaso. "Father Peter surely thought you had got the skin of a Turkish Imam."

"Hold your impertinence," faid Marco.
"Father Peter could think no fuch thing.
He knew the state of my poor soul to a hair.
I the skin of a Mahometan I Marry, Heaven forbid! I had no other skin but my own, and yet I sulfilled every tittle of what I engaged to perform."

"Prove it," replied Tomaso, eagerness for dispute strongly impressed on his countenance.

"Prove it! By Saint Mark! fon-in-law, this fervant of your's would try the patience of Job, if he was here. He puts the whole house in an uproar with his proofs. To be sure, my vow would have been far more severe if my holy namesake had not put me in the right way to sulfil it with safety to myself, that is, my naked back."

" Explain yourfelf," faid Novini.

"Ah! count, you shall hear the whole story, if you will but listen to the end. I lest my confessor in good spirits; for, thought I, though I travel baresoot, many others, far better than myself, I mean nobler, for as to content and patience, and the rest of the cardinal virtues, thanks to Saint Mark and my own industry, I may hold up my head with the best that ever wore one upon his shoulders. I also

thought I might receive strength from above to bear the penance; but after travelling a few miles, and meeting, that is, passing, several crosses, I began to imagine I should be flaved alive like bleffed St. Bartholomew before I reached the holy house. But it fortunately happened, or rather, my patron faint pitied my smarting shoulders, that Bianca, my dearest Maddalena's maid, then going to visit her relations, faw me whipping myfelf, and defired me to go no farther 'till a good night's rest had restored me. So I took her advice, for Bianca is a very 'cute girl, though the has no noble blood in her veins, and my back was fore besides. So I prayed to Saint Mark, and went to bed. After trying long for an easy posture, I was just closing my eyes, when I thought I heard a voice cry, 'Marco, good Marco, whither are you going?" in a very hollow tone: I fay hollow, because it was neither man's nor woman's."

"Can you demonstrate—" vociferated the disputing domestic, but was suddenly checked in his demand for demonstration by his master's ordering him to be silent or depart. He chose the former, and Marco proceeded.

"I trembled like an aspen at the voice, and said I was going to Loretto—' How dost thou perform thy journey?' added the voice. 'Baresoot,' replied I, saintly, 'and whenever I see the holy cross, I am to repeat five ave-marias and seven pater-nosters, and give

give forty stripes, fave one, on my naked back.' Then, Marco, hear my words, and obey them. I am thy friend, have witneffed the commencement of thy painful pilgrimage, and foresee that, if thou continuest thus to execute it, thou wilt never reach Loretto alive.

But my vows, added I, fearfully.

Silence! old man. Thinkest thou that I will shock thy piety by requiring their an-nulment? No, thou shalt faithfully perform thy engagements, and yet retain thy skin unbroken. Thou hast undertaken to execute thy penance at every crofs thou shalt see. Now I command thee not to fee one. Fortune has enriched thee. Hire a boy from the neighbouring hamlet, close thy eyes, and let him conduct thee on thy meritorious pilgrimage." Alle Alle and Alle

"I heard no more, but lay awake with my eyes open, praying to the Bleffed Virgin for her mercy in fending Saint Mark to keep a whole skin on my back, I mean, to hinder it from being broken. I'm certain it was no other than him, because he called me friend, and knew my name was Marco: I hired a boy as foon as I got up, but did not keep my eyes thut all the way to Loretto, because I never passed a day without reading in my breviary, which you know a blind person could not have done." The transfer that we will we

"That, Signore, seems a very plain proposition," said Tomaso, "and yet I have heard my master say, that the powers of nature are unlimited; now, as sight is a natural power, it follows that—"

" Silence," faid the count.

" Aye, that's right, fon-in-law, keep him under. So, as I was telling you, I defired the young man to keep a sharp look out, and cry ' Eccola!' whenever he faw the Holy Rood. When he called out Eccola! I cried 'Santo Marco Benedetto,' and, clofing my eyes, passed by with my hat off. I offered two golden candlefticks at the holy shrine, and the Virgin has given me a granddaughter in Exchange. Now I have been thinking, fince a boy is twice as good as a girl, at least, in our eyes, I will this time present four golden candlesticks, and I warrant you will have a thumping boy before I come back. 'Tis a great pity though that Father Peter is dead, because I cannot consult him again, at least, if I do it will be in vain."

knowing what credence was due to Marcols story, so much were his judgment and penetration o'erclouded by his indisposition. "Thus it is with every object which engages our affection in this miserable world." Do we conside in love and friendship for support? Death, or something as fatal, suddenly destroys them, and we fall into the grave; should the un-

happy

happy sufferer be spared, it will be only to seel the pangs of despair.—Now, indeed, you are not without a resource. You may consult Peter's successor, the worthy Padre Niccolo."

"I don't like him, my noble fon-in-law. He is so stern, so gloomy, and has such a strange look with his eyes. Though, by the by, one can scarcely see them, being as how he seldom looks one in the face, and wears

his great cowl drawn fo close."

"That is owing to his modesty and humility. Too much lenity only encourages vice, so, perhaps, he assumes a severity which is so reign to his heart. Alas! how is man compounded of contrarieties. To sulfil the duties incumbent on our situation, so as to merit the protection of the Almighty, we are obliged to maintain an internal warfare against those passions which he himself has given us."

Tomaso, to whom silence was the most painful of all painful enjoinments, and whose curiosity was gratisted by Marco's narrative, now withdrew to inquire of Bianca whether she had heard the supposed address of Saint Mark.

"Ha!" faid the lively waiting maid, "do you dare thus proudly to ask a favour of the fair fex? Kneeling, Beatrice says, is the only becoming posture for imploring man.

act I wish

"I wish she could prove it though, secundum artem. Down on my knees! No, no. I only kneel at my devotions; and although you are a very clever girl, believe

me, Bianca, you are no faint."

"Well, well, Tomaso, since you have refused to gratify my reasonable request, I shall also refuse you an answer; yet, if you possess half the discernment you think you do, no other will be necessary than that I, Bianca, simple as you may suppose me, have long been taken for a faint."

She now quickly retreated, leaving To-

mafo at a non plus.

" Long been taken for a faint!" repeated he. " Let me see how that can possibly be. First, she is no laint, and, therefore, whoever imagines her to be fuch must be deceived. Then whom has she deceived? Why whom more likely than the unphilofophical Marco. Oh ye seven sciences! I have it." And off he flew to Bianca, expressed his suspicions, and succeeded so far as to induce her to acknowledge, that pity for her old master's bones had caused her to fuggest the means he afterwards adopted to cheat the " foul fiend." She concluded by urging him to secrecy, as the circumstance, if known, might lead her into a disagreeable fituation. Commence of Consideration and Section of the Constant of the C

"Ah, you cunning little astrologer, if it depended on me you should be a faint till doomsday."

" And after it too I hope."

From this period, Tomaso, who had histherto been averse from gallantry, began to relish the company of Bianca, because she had evinced a taste for experiment. He imagined she would prove an excellent companion for studying the occultations of the planets, or diving into the secrets of nature.

Father Niccolo, of whom Marco fo freely expressed his dislike, had become a member of the neighbouring convent of Carthulians, foon after the count's departure for Otranto. On the sudden demise of Father Peter, Marco's confessor, he found means to succeed to his station in the monastery; the veil of hypocrify which he had affumed being fo impervious, that none could discover the real motives of his humble downcast countenance, his exact attention to conventual duties, and his apparent aversion to society. One Friar Lorenzo, who entered the convent at the fame time with himfelf, was the only person Niccolo thought worthy of his confidence. From their intimate connexion they were styled the Inseparables. Protected by the privileges of his order, he foon gained admittance into the castle, and exerted every art of which he was mafter, to obtain the office of Maddalena's confessor. But although the the counters, on the death of Father Peter, had some thoughts of receiving him in that capacity, on his first visit to the castle she felt his constrained manners, his distatisfied air, his suspicious, yet bold, penetrating glances so repulsive, that she involuntarily shrunk from his presence.

"No," thought she, " never can I repose the anxiety, the secret cares of my soul on that man; never can I make him a mediator

between me and my God."

This disappointment did not, however, cause the artful monk to relinquish his design. His vicinity to the castle frequently afforded him the opportunity of meeting the countess in her daily walks. At fuch times he would offer a few indifferent remarks on the scenery, on the weather, or graciously greet her with a paffing benediction. Thus much of Maddalena's dislike was diffipated ere her unfortunate husband returned from his military expedition. Niccolo was at first excessively chagrined at this event, believing the count to be still in the full vigour of his days; but when informed of his helpless situation, apprehension yielded to a far different sensation. As he well knew the advantages likely to accrue to his defigns, if the noble invalid adopted him for a spiritual guide, he prepared for his immediate departure to the caftle, refolving to leave no means untried to obtain a firm footing in fo noble a family. First, however.

however, he hastened to his affociate to inform him of the count's return.

" Returned !" exclaimed Lorenzo with vehemence. " Say you Novini's returned? Then ere to-morrow's fun I'll fac-"

" Forbear fuch violence," interrupted Niccolo. "What emolument or fecurity have we hitherto derived from impetuofity? You are here comfortably fettled, and if we play our cards right, we may foon triumph over - but more of that hereafter. I thought your late experience would have rendered you more calm and politic."

" If we meet !" added Lorenzo.

"Meet! Ha! ha! that is impossible. 'Tis time to undeceive you. The count, fo far from being able to oppose us, is, in confequence of a fevere wound, reduced to a state little short of insensibility. I am now going to offer my compliments of condolence, ere his former powers of recollection return; yet I think I run no rifk. When I shall be appointed his confessor, trust me we shall be capable of winding him about as we choose, and then ___ But fee, our brethren bend their steps this way. You understand me."

Perfectly, perfectly. We are to drain the orange of its juice, and then throw it had rendered him inscripe to the act "www.

-25 Right. You have it. An apt como tengualiting that has been anniche mitchen, notingebach Maddalena had excued in his bolom.

-1

"By the by, Niccolo," whispered his companion, "keep your cowl close. Perhaps it may not be altogether unnecessary to repair to your cabinet."

" Well observed. We cannot be too care-

ful. Life itself depends upon it."

The near approach of some of their brethren prevented any further conversation. Lorenzo withdrew to the chapel, and Niccolo to his cell. From thence, after staying a few minutes, he retreated with a large crucifix in his hand, his cowl closely drawn about his face, and bent his way to the castle. When he first entered the sick chamber, Novini did not even raise his eyes at his arproach, but as foon as he heard his voice, which apparently awakened fome painful reeollection, he fuddenly raised himself, gazed for a moment, and then relapsed into his former apathy. As, however, Niccolo had the advantage of a first attendance, as his gloomy aspect, and solemn exhortation were congenial to the mind of the unhappy fufferer, and as Vignolo was at that time absent, he fucceeded in all his objects.

Niccolo was now often in company with the countes, and it soon appeared that neither his sacred office, nor seclusion from the world, had rendered him insensible to the attractions of youth and beauty, or was capable of extinguishing that lawless slame which the toolovely Maddalena had excited in his bosom.

On every occasion he now endeavoured to gratify female vanity by compliments to her person and accomplishments, or to make her discontented with her fituation, by affecting to pity that misery which must necessarily arise from an union of so much perfection, fuch enchanting loveliness, with an infirm querulous hypochondriac. Although Maddalena was not wholly indifferent to encomiums on her beauty and merit, yet her averfion to the infidious flatterer was too great, her ideas of the fanctity of the marriage vow too strict, and her remembrance of what Novini once was, too vivid, to admit the least impression in favour of her secret admirer. She no fooner perceived the tendeney of his purfuit, than she thought it might be proper to reveal her fuspicions either to Vignolo or her hufband. Several times was the on the point of declaring her fears, but was unfortunately prevented by the confideration that Niccolo's influence over the mind of his penitent, might cause the whole to be imputed to female vanity or diflike. She at length determined to sustain his odious prefence until he made an open avowal of his passion, when subterfuge would be of no avail, and which the trufted would deliver her from any further pursuit. An explicit declaration was, however, far from the prefent intentions of the Machiavellian prieft. He faw what was passing in her mind, and intended

intended to defer that decisive measure, until he had prejudiced the mind of Novini in such a manner as, he hoped, would render him inattentive to any complaint.

CHAP. XIV.

to picy that motivy which must

Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives its edge and pow'r,
As Heav'n's bless'd beam turns vinegar more sour.
Pope.

WHILE such criminal passions and projects were ripening in the breafts of Father Niccolo and his companion, Vignolo was incessantly endeavouring to sooth Novini's difcontented spirit, and to dispel that ennui which poisoned every fource of enjoyment, and eat into his very foul. He foon discovered that engaging him in argument, concerning the relative quantity of happiness or misery incident to human nature, was a powerful antidore to his dangerous despondency. This subject, the count would fometimes purfue with fo much zeal that, in attempting to prove his own affliction was unmitigable, he was drawn away from contemplating it. Vignolo was frequently furprized at the powers he would then display, and wondered how the wily hallmates monk, monk had attained such an ascendant over him. Believing Niccolo's conduct was regulated more by temporal than spiritual concerns, he determined narrowly to watch his proceedings. One fine evening, as he was hastening on his usual friendly errand, his memory well stored with arguments against the count's misanthropy, Tomaso encountered him in the avenue.

"Ah, Signore," faid he, with honest warmth, "this is, indeed, kind. The Blessed Virgin will reward you. My master is so very bad of the melancholics, I was just coming to look for you. I hope you have got all the logical ancients at your fingers' ends; your Aristotles, and your Euclids, your theorems, and your demonstrations."

"I have them all, my good fellow," re-

plied Vignolo, smiling.

" Is your mafter in his chamber?"

" No, Signore. I have just been helping him into the garden."

"That's well, the change of scene may amuse, and the cool breeze of evening revive,

him."

"Neither the one nor the other, Signore. I was looking very cheerful, and faying how cool the air was, and how pleasing to have such nice fruit, and such fine sweet slowers about one, when he heavily sighed, and said, in a forrowful tone, 'Ah! Tomaso, your pleasure comes from your ignorance of the uncertainty

certainty of human bleffings, and your want of forelight. See yonder fiery mountain. Ere the day close, ourselves, with every thing you admire, may be swallowed up like Harry Cullannum and Pompey's eye."

"You mean Herculaneum and Pompeia."

"Why, bless me! Signore, you know better than myself. You have hit on the very words, sure enough. If ever I learn Greek and Latin I'll know all them things, and shall not need to seek you to comfort my master. By the by, if you would be so kind as to write down all your proofs and arguments in a plain print like hand, whenever I heard my poor master sighing, and complaining of life's miferies, I could give him one or two to keep up his spirits till you came.

" I'll think about your suggestions, To-

mafo."

"Aye, do, Signore. I wish, too, you would tell me who invented eating. Bianca asked me this morning at breakfast, and I was not able to tell her exactly. You know, Signore, much may be said on the subject, whether we go so far back as our first parents—"

· Tomaso's instructive inquiries were here interrupted by an exclamation from the count.

"What is life?" cried he. "Is it not to possess an energy of foul to resolve, and a full possession of our organs and faculties to execute? One, without the other, makes but half a being. Am I not then dead? Yes,

dead to every delight. Wherever I turn, Despair meets my aching sight, and bars me from happiness. Alas! how tedious has this day been! I wish it were over. Yet why? Wretched unthinking being! Will not each returning sun usher in the same monotonous round of miserable existence, until every care, every pursuit be buried in the silent grave?"

Affected by this mournful soliloquy, Vignolo, sollowed by Tomaso, entered the alcove, where the unhappy mourner, insensible to the charms of his situation, was sitting with his head reposing on his breast, and his thoughts fixed on that world from which his missfortunes

had expelled him.

" For shame! for shame!" faid Vignolo. " Cease to indulge such culpable despondency. Your afflictions, though great, do not deprive you of every fource of happiness. Heaven has bleffed you with wealth to cherish your poor fellow beings. Liberality and benevolence may bestow much more pleasure than you have ever derived from the tumultuous joys of the court or the camp, and also be more acceptable to God. The duties of a master, a husband, and a parent, ought to remove this weariness of existence. When you, with the keenest zest, pursued pleasure, did you find it? Were not the fruits you reaped languor, solicitude, and remorse? Come, cheer up! Suffering has ever been the lot of heroes, and we cease to think them such when they are not

not surrounded by perils. Your feelings are too powerfully engaged by the present, or you might yet discern the delightful visions of

hope.

JONE

"Visions indeed!" replied Novini, in a plaintive accent. "Nothing real, nothing substantial. Hope, by leading us to look for felicity where it cannot be found, enfnares her credulous followers beyond the reach of recovery, and then withdraws her flattering illusions. Your painting of happiness is like the rainbow. We admire the brilliancy of its tints, but, alas! cannot grasp it."

"True; and foolish is he who attempts it. Like a child, you find your powers limited, and so take the pet in a corner. Did you ap-proach nearer the glittering prize when endued with health and vigour? Believe me, my friend, true happinels loves retirement, hares pomp and noise, and derives every enjoyment from its own breast. Even men of the world are supported in their arduous struggles after wealth or fame, only by the thoughts of at last enjoying a calm and tranquil fectulion. Ob-ferve how energetic Petrarch is in the praise of retirement, how he calls upon those who defire to serve God, fulfil the duties of huma-nity, or acquire fame, to fly from the busy seducing paths of life. If your flight be nar-rowed in the material, you may yet foar to the highest heaven of the intellectual, world." But

But Petrarch's life was not altogether regulated by such sentiments. His retirement was only occasional, flattering to his vanity and love, and gave a relish to his visits to the gay world. He never suffered the downfal which I have. He had also the power to live as best suited his fancy and temperament. A bird is surely undeserving of pity which voluntarily remains in its wiry prison, though the open door invites it to partake of the bounties of nature and the free air of heaven. But I am chained to the oar, with desires as boundless as the universe."

Restrain them, and your powers will augment. A hero, whose wants exceed his powers, may be styled feeble, but a being whose abilities exceed his desires, even a worm,

is in reality powerful."

Ere thus enfeebled," added Novini, "the very attempt to fatisfy my defire was pleafing, and kept hope alive in my breaft. Now all is

darkness and despair!"

"How can you figh after your former life, a continual round of diffipation leading only to remorfe and fatiety? Open your eyes to the feenes which furround you. Did you ever find music more agreeable and delicious than now iffules from yonder grove? Are not the firmament, the mountains, the plains smiling with fertility, the sea in which yonder galliots cross the irradiating beam, and break its lufter into ten thousand undulating radiances, more

more captivating to the sense, more instructive to the understanding, and more capable of raising the soul to adoration of the Maker of all things, than the pomp of balls, or all the boasted mimickry of art?"

"But how uncertain are these blessings! To-day they may glow as the sun, and to-morrow be buried in darkness. Even a fit of the tooth-ache can make man, frail man, superior only in misery to the brute, insensible to the most attractive of Nature's works.

"Undoubtedly man is not exempted from troubles, but they are necessary to his condition, subdue his passions, and wean him from

the things of this life."

"It is this which increases human misery. Nature implants passions, and Virtue forbids their indulgence. Our life is a continual struggle with laws divine or human, and the pro-

pensities of nature."

"But," continued Vignolo, "if man were not liable to pain, compassion for his species would be unknown. Incapable of feeling the warm glow of sympathy, he would become a monster, sensible only to the gratification of his own passions, and a terror to the human race."

"Alas! Vignolo, your efforts cannot raise again the delusive charms of imagination, reftrain my midnight lamentations, or blot out what I was from memory, Talk not to me of joy. It is for ever lost to me. To a wretch writhing

writhing on the rack, can argument impart confolation?"

"Surely not. But would he reject the lenient hand of friendship, or resule a draught to assuage his torments? You turn aside from blessings soliciting your acceptance. Religion, your family, and intellectual exertions might mitigate, if not remove, your diffres. A long life would not exhauft the lources of

knowledge."

"What! do you then prescribe the improvement of intellect as a remedy for the calamities of life? It is that which heightens every pang. The more my moral fense shall be refined, the more unbounded will be my prospect of misery. Are not the ignorant exempt from the heaviest affliction, mental anguish? Amidst the consistion of elements, furely he who cannot perceive the slash from heaven, or hear the roaring of the thunder, will be happier than the man in full possession of his faculties."

"This is indifference or insensibility, not happiness. Oh, who would not regret their incapacity to enjoy the harmony and beauty

of Nature!"

"Those who were ignorant of their existence. Knowledge is a dangerous elevation. The mountain is rent by the storm, while the vale repoles in fecurity and peace."

Vol. 1. Vignolo

COUNTY DE MOVINI

Vignolo here attempted to interrupt his rhapfody, but the count was so full of his subject, so hurried away by the images his distorted imagination presented, that he paid no attention to him, and proceeded with unabated vigour, and not without satisfaction, to prove man the most miserable of created beings.

"Behold yonder lamb!" cried he. "Did a human being ever feel equal happiness? How brisk its gambols! How cheerful its aspect!

And what is the reason?"

"The reason, Signore," said Tomaso, who was weary of being silent, " is plain enough. It is happy because it is content with the situation in which God has placed it."

"That is no explanation," replied Novini.
"Its happiness arises from this. It retains only the powers necessary for its preservation, and is susceptible only of physical evils. It feels no anguish of mind, no stings of conscience, no despair. What animal ever chose to terminate its own existence? To it, the satal moment of death is not embittered by those acute seelings which distress the greater part of the human race, remorse for the past, and anxiety for the future. The death of a fellow-creature, the infirmities of age, our boasted foresight teaches us must be our own fate, and fills our days with care; but that lamb can behold, with unconcern, its fellows led to the slaughter, will be glad to the last moment

of its existence, and even fondle the executioner while the knife is at its throat."

- "Oh," faid Tomaso, "that minds me of Father Paul saying how cruel it is to kill animals for food. Yet, I think, master, it is only tit for tat, as beasts, birds, and fish prey upon one another. Nay, I warrant your innocent lamb, you're so fond of, destroys many insects without pity. They shew no mercy, therefore deserve none, that's my conclusium."
- "Ah! Tomaso, if that were a sufficient plea for cruelty, what desence could man, that great destroyer of Nature's works, make against superior power? It is certain the lamb destroys, without compunction, such insects as may lurk in the tender herbage. This is another great cause of its happiness. Besides man, no other animal is pained by the sufferings of another."
- "I never faw beaft, or bird, or fish, cry, in all my life," said Tomaso.

"Nor yet laugh," added Vignolo.

- "But the greater part of our troubles," continued the count, " is on the account of others. The further our affections extend, the greater is our chance of misery. Man's enjoyment, I again repeat, is far inferior to the brute's."
- "Prove, Signore, how that can be?" faid Tomaso. "My master used to say, Man is

the most perfect animal in creation, and that it would seem as if the Almighty, in every thing he has made, had considered his convenience. His eyes," said he, " are placed on an eminence, that he may have a good view; his ears at the top of his head, that he may hear the better, because sound ascends; and his nostrils near his mouth, that he might judge the better of what he ate and drank. I recollect he also said that if the fields were red instead of green it would be very bad for the eyes; and how thankful we should be that though we saw objects distinctly with one eye, we saw not double with two, which prevented a deal of consultion."

" All these, Tomaso, are physical advantages, and not peculiar to man. Ask one who has spent an active life, and begins to feel the infirmities of age, whether human life be productive of happiness or misery, and, in this manner, he will probably reply. Our youth is vain, idle, and foolish. Age full of anxiety and anguish. Wealth brings care; poverty, contempt; marriage, unceasing solicitude; a fingle life, gloom and folitude. Childhood. the least painful period of life, passes away ere we know its value. Scarcely have we quitted she womb when illusive projects rises before us, and lead us aftray, which continue till the heat of enterprize is over, when old age renders us incapable of enjoyment, and overwhelms whelms us with unavailing regret, vexation, and forrow."

" Old age, my dear friend, may rather be confidered as the haven from whence we can look back with complacence on the dangerous rocks and quickfands which we have escaped. The evening of a fair day is often more fetene and inviting, than the fervid noon."

" Ah! but you forget the damp gloomy mists which so frequently obscure the close of the finest day. Death alone can remove the

miseries of feeling."

"Yield not," added Vignolo with warmth. to fuch diftempered workings of imagination, but rouse yourself to fill with honour the station in which Providence has placed you. Let me again place before you your duties as a parent and a husband! How solitary! how cheerless! would your situation now be, if deprived of your engaging infant, and the unremitting tenderness of the countess!"

" Even these please me not as formerly. The precarious state of infancy forbids me to fix my affections on that which I may lole in a moment: and when I reflect on what I was. and what I am, I feel the impossibility of Maddalena's kind offices being directed by love for fuch a wretch as me. This chills my rifing fatisfaction when the condefcends to Imooth my pillow, and watch by my fide. My misfortunes, you see, are irremediable."

"You must be prejudiced indeed not to perceive the strength, the purity and the sincerity of the countess's attachment. The missortunes of life are not so—"

· It is well," interrupted Novini, " that

you allow life bas misfortunes."

But I maintain, misfortunes ultimately tend to good, and perfect the human character. Ere gold be refined it must pass through the furnace. Were life without them, Death, the inevitable lot of humanity, would appear a thousand times more dreadful; but they gradually wean our affections from sublunary enjoyments. It is also kindly ordained that the mind once severely wounded, as by the death of a beloved friend, becomes in some measure callous, and is made incapable of feeling a renewal of similar torments."

"Ha!" cried Novini, with a tone of triumph, "that very argument establishes my position, that man's happiness is in proportion to

his infenfibility."

This fair inference was unexpected by Vignolo, and obliged him to support his cause by an appeal to a suture state. He was proceeding to expatiate on the tendency of such a belief to alleviate the calamities of life, to exalt man to an infinite degree above the brute creation, and even to gild with glory the gloomy hour hour of death, when the entrance of father Niceolo interrupted him. The holy man intimating his defire to be left alone with his penitent, Vignolo and Tomaso quitted the arbour.—On reflection, Vignolo was not displeased at this interruption, knowing the belief of having obtained an advantage in the argument, would please his friend, and give him a considence in his own powers; whereas, had he been deseated, he would probably have imputed it to a premature decay of his faculties, and thus have given additional cause for his misanthropical lamentations.

CHAP. XV.

graduated the property of the late of the state of the st

Where wilt thou find a cavern deep enough

To mask thy moustrous visage?

If thou put thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

SOME time thus rolled away without any material occurrence, except honest Marco's second pilgrimage to the altar of the Blessed Virgin, which he performed with far greater ease than he did the first. But although he doubled his former offering, he was disappointed

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pointed in his hopes of embracing a grandion on his return. He could suggest no other reason for such a disappointment than the contrivance of the infernal powers, whom he knew were much offended with his piety.

Meantime the licentious passions of Niccoto daily augmented. Nothing but the count's infirmities could have prevented him discovering what a ferpent he was cherishing, so evident was the nature of his emotions when Maddalena was present. He had commenced his preparations to prejudice the mind of her husband, and to pave the way for his speedy triumph over Innocence, when, happily for Maddalena, he met with an unexpected obsta-This was the discovery of Lorenzo's unhallowed attachment for the fame object. His steps he now found watched, and every opportunity of being alone with the countess prevented by a rival's vigilance, yet dared not, fo much did he feel himself in Lorenzo's power, take any measures to restrain his visits to the castle. With pleasure Maddalena witnessed Lorenzo's affiduity in following his affociate, believing that he had penetrated into the nature of his pursuit, and either from a love of virtue, or in consequence of Vignolo's defire, engaged to disappoint it. Impressed with this idea, and imagining herfelf fecure, the deferred informing her unhappy hulband of her suspicions.

Niccolo

Niccolo finding his desires increase by the difficulty of gratifying them, and being greatly perplexed by the vigilance of his companion, at length resolved to lay open his whole heart, hoping that the merit of a first communication, and the confidence thereby placed in his honour, would cause him to desist from surther opposition. But their connection was not founded on those virtuous principles which make us yield our own pleasure to the gratification of friendship. Self preservation and mutual sear formed their bond of union. Lorenzo received not his intimation with the complaisance that was expected.

"No," faid he, " our pretentions are equal. Be affured I will never yield in this point to any one. Hitherto, more from my fupineness than your superior endowments, you have towered above me. I think my ready compliance with your preferment, on the death of brother Peter, entitles me to expect that you will now give way to me. To be sure I have never envied the blind partiality of the

whining count."

"You had no reason, when you were benested by it without performing any part of

the required duties."

"No, Niccolo, my reason for consenting to your exaltation was, that I had it in my power to place you below me whenever I should choose."

VIZ HOW

"Below you!" repeated Niccolo. "That I deny. If I fink into the gulph, you shall follow to the bottom. But why this reproach? On you the count may yet bestow—"

"Mention not that detelled name to me. Nothing he can give, except the too-lovely counters, of whom he is unworthy, can compensate for the injuries he has done me. By his passions have I been injured; by mine I shall be avenged."

" Consider my prior claim;" said Niccolo.

Prior claim! Did we not retreat together to this spot?"

"But, Lorenzo, I might have known her, ere she beheld you, or even her husband No-vini."

"Where then are your hopes? If, when fingle, she rejected your addresses, which I suspect to have been the case, is it probable that she will now break through those ties she holds facred, to throw herself into your arms, when your condition and person are far less attractive? You comprehend me. I little imagined jealousy inspired your attempts against Novini's peace."

"Well, well," replied Niccolo hastily, as if wishing to lead him from the subject. "Why such heat? Can we not compromise? Or shall we appeal to chance or the sword for an award."

"To combat would instantly expose us," replied Lorenzo, " or I should have no objection to that expedient. Let fortune this moment declare who shall give up his pretensions."

" Not this moment. Wait till our united endeavours, spite of her vigilant friend Vignolo, or that prying idiot Tomaso, have secured the lovely prize, and then let chance decide who shall possess it."

"Agreed, agreed. Trust me she will not long regret the infirm partner of her bed, but meet, half way, the warm embrace of love. Oh she would make a paradise of the most gloomy recess!"

"Recess!" repeated Niccolo. "Ha! a thought strikes me. Suppose we convey in the night—"

Here the convent-bell rang for prayers. They hastened to the altar, assumed the form of intense devotion, and, while their hearts were planning the downfall of innocence, dared to lay them open to that Being in whose sight the Heavens are not pure.

To lull her suspicions to rest, Niccolo, when visiting his penitent, avoided every opportunity of paying his court to Maddalena. She rejoiced at the change, and imagined herself secure, at a time when the snares of Vice were about to close around her. Providence, however, interposed for her protection. Their insidious

insidious plan was arranged, the evening fixed for its execution, and they were anticipating their approaching triumph, when their unsufpecting victim was seized with a sever of the most dangerous kind. This necessarily obliged the Confederate Carthusians to defer their design.—They awaited the issue with anxiety, but, alas! without repentance.

It not being thought prudent immediately to disclose her illness to the count, who was at that time unable to leave his room with fafety, he was informed that during the night she had been fummoned to receive the last farewel of a dear friend, and would foon return. Father Niccolo alfo, thinking it would be detrimental to his interests if they now met, encouraged the pious fraud, by alledging, that Heaven furely intended to prove his patience, and direct his attention to things above. Various methods were employed by his family to footh his uneafiness, until the physicians declared there were finall hopes of Maddalena's recovery. The worthy Vignolo then undertook the painful task of communicating the fatal truth. The count was acconclingly led, by his faithful Tomafo, to the chamber where the partner of his foul lay on the bed of fickness. His weakened frame. apparently worn out by mental and bodily anguish, was hardly able to fustain the fight of her dreadful fituation. He then felt that it was possible even for bis misery to be augmented, and looked forwards to a comfort-less, solirary existence, should he be deprived of the affectionate soother of his sorrow.

"But not to understand a treasure's worth Till time has stol'n away the slighted good, Is cause of half the milery we feel, And makes the world the wilderness it is."

With tears in his eyes, he intreated her forgiveness for the anguish his conduct might have occasioned. She replied, that it had been long forgotten; but complied with his request; not, as she observed, from a consciousness of its necessity, but as believing it might tend to allay his grief when she should be no more.

Mas! if you die, what will become of me? Nothing will then remain worth living for."

"My dear Novini, put your trust in Heaven. Oh," continued she, pressing his hand, and fixing her dim eyes upon him, "Oh, do not, by any rashness, prevent the possibility of our meeting again, never more to part! If you have ever loved me, promise, oh, promise, to live for your child!"

Here she sell back exhausted. Novini, almost equally overcome, affured her he would submit to the dispensations of Heaven, though all desire of life was extinct.

"No, we cannot live, we will die together," faid Marco, who knelt by the bedfide weeping like a child, and vowing, as he pressed a small crucifix to his lips, what rich offerings he would make to the saints, should her life be granted to his prayers.

Maddalena's speech now became incoherent. She often repeated the names of Niccolo, Rizambo, and Novini, and twice

or thrice exclaimed ---

"You hypocrite, begone! Oh, my dear Pietro! dash that wily serpent from your bo-

fom ere it sting you to death !"

The count started at this unexpected address, and was about to reply, when Madame Vignolo and Beatrice, searing the effects of so long an interview, interposed, and endeavoured to lead him from the room.

"I will never leave her," faid he; but. Tomaso engaging to watch and bring him immediate word if any alteration ensued, he.

reluctantly confented.

During the remainder of that day few intervals of recollection occurred. On the next, her friends, who now believed her last hours were approaching, required, the priest, who had hitherto directed her spiritual concerns, immediately to attend to administer the last ceremonies of the Romish church. Unfortunately, an illness, supposed to have been occasioned by his frequent visits to the castle.

castle, prevented his coming, and Father Niccolo was, in consequence, requested to attend. Ere his arrival, Maddalena had fallen into a light sumber. Approaching the bed, he drew aside the curtains, and said,

" Daughter, I am now come____"

"The Signora is asleep," interrupted Tomaso, and seemed desirous that she should, not then be disturbed; but the counters, at that moment, muttering a sew incoherent, sentences, he believed she was awaking, and withdrew with the other attendants.

It, might have been expected that a scene fo strikingly evincing the frail tenure of human existence, would have given rise to fome fensations of remorfe, some regret for having formed designs against her virtue and her peace. But, alas! he appeared infenfible to every virtuous emotion. gazed ardently on her countenance, and, as the ghaftly appearance of her once-sparkling eyes was concealed by her long eye-lashes, he thought her still beautiful. The fever had tinted her cheeks with a deep red, the fetting fun shed a faint-like glory o'er her features, and her bright hair, waving round her fnowy neck in wild, but not ungraceful, diforder, gave peculiar and touching attractions to the whole.

"What a treasure have I lost!" said he, with a sigh, as he hung over her, enamoured.
"Were

Were she but mine; and mine she may yet be; it is evident, her danger has been misrepresented. Yes, she is too lovely for the arms of death."

An involuntary motion of the countess here exposed a considerable portion of her bosom, heaving violently from difficult respiration.

"Ah," continued he, overcome by the fight, "I will fnatch a last embrace, though

I fuck Infection from her lips."

He then looked hastily round, and infulted her modesty by an unhallowed kiss.

—The day having been very sultry, he had loosened his hood for the benefit of the air, and, as he bent his head, it sell on the face of Maddalena. She awoke. As Satan, when fearing detection from the sharp-sighted Uriel,

" Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,"

fo the monk, dreading the glance of innocence, hastily replaced his hood, and began to mumble a Pater-noster. His solicitude and consussion were hardly attended to by Maddalena, so blunted were her powers of perception. Tomaso, however, whose curiosity had induced him to place himself at a small crevice to observe Niccolo's proceedings, saw enough to puzzle his philosophical genius. Of the stolen kiss, he was not certain, though at the instant, he suspected it.

Besides

Besides, the monk's eagerness to replace his eowl, when he was alone, and when the weather was so warm, banished every other idea from his memory.

"What can be the reason of this?" thought he. "Has he some Sicilian charm to preserve him from enchantment, or something in his cowl like Fortunatus's wishing cap, or Friar Bacon's head?"

Ere his ridiculous conjectures had subfided, Niccolo hearing a noise, hastened to the door. He opened it so cautiously that Tomaso, who was kneeling with his forehead against the wall, still continued his reverie.

"Why are you loitering there?" faid the monk, sternly, and suspecting his late actions

had not passed without a witness.

" 1 am—am just coo—oo—ling myself in the passage," stammered Tomaso, rising in consuston.

"I wish, returned the monk, "your finful foul may have such a passage to cool itself in the other world."

Thank you, father. I would wish you the same; but should you bear heat as well in the other world as in this, you'll have no need of a passage. By the by, holy father, I wonder you are not suffocated in that close hood. Perhaps, indeed, you have reasons for keeping it so close. I think I never saw it entirely

tirely off, except—" Here he stopped in

colo, with increased asperity, convinced by his remark and conscious glances, that his serent transactions were discovered.

Except in a dream," replied Tomafo, running off to inform his mafter of what he had feen and suspected. Niccolo, greatly perplexed, closely followed to obviate his intelligence; but found Novini in a ficuation scarcely preferable to Maddalena's, and wholly unable to attend either to Tomaso's charge or his own explanations. He then informed the family he was going for a facred relic which had frequently been found effectual in calming the tumults of the foul, and returned to the con-To Lorenzo, he now related every circumstance which had passed at the castle, fave his embracing the countess; he concluded by vowing to chastise the meddling Tomafo.

Maddalena, soon after Niccolo's departure, expressed her desire of receiving the sacraments, and was informed that her own confessor was incapable of attendance, but that Father Niccolo, who had just lest her, would speedily return.

"Oh, heavens!" faid she, " it was not then a dream. I charge you, let him not come near me any more. Where," added

she,

the, looking anxiously at her weeping friends, where is my dear husband? Methinks, to receive his last farewel and expire in his arms, would be grateful to my soul. But, perhaps, he is no more?"

"He still lives," replied the physician, but so weak, that an interview at this affect-

ing moment may be fatal."

"Then the will of Heaven be done! Let me not leave my poor child entirely destitute."

"Oh, my dearest daughter," cried Marco, "I will guard her while I live. Oh, Holy Mark! that ever I should see this day. I, a poor old man. Death spares the weeds, and crops the brightest flowers in the garden."

"My father!" said Maddalena, "moderate your gries. Your age and infirmities disqualify you for the sole guardian of so important a trust." Observing Vignolo, she added, "My valuable friend, be you a father to my child; train her in that path which leads to everlasting happiness, and sometimes remind her of her mother. Continue to solace my unhappy Novini. Bear to him my last wishes for his happiness; and never, oh, never forsake him!"

She paused, wholly overcome by her exertions.

At this, Marco, defirous of having his darling child prepared for eternity, checked his violent violent emotions, and set off himself to bring one of the Carthusian brethren for that pur-

pole.

The Confederates were standing in the porch, engaged in close conversation, when Marco appeared on horseback. Not aware of the confequences, he befought Lorenzo to return with him to the castle. Lorenzo readily agreed, and re-entered the convent to procure the materials necessary for the celebration of the folemn rite. During his absence, Niccolo endeavoured by diffant interrogations to learn whether Maddalena had made any difcovery; but, notwithstanding all his art, he attained to no certainty on that subject. The pointed manner, however, in which fhe had rejected his fervices, caused him to fear the worft. By his flattering commendations of Marco's religious zeal, and, more especially, by a present of a holy relic, which the credulous Venetian believed was a part of the hairs of that ass on which our Saviour rode into Terusalem, he leffened Marco's prejudices against him, ere Lorenzo returned.

Maddalena had just taken a last farewel of her beloved infant, when Lorenzo entered the chamber. Less hardened than his companion, at fight of the dying counters, he almost resolved to confess all, and receive her pardon for the crime he had meditated. From this he was prevented by the recollection of his

own

own injuries, and that secret, whose inviolational bility preserved the lives, fortunes, and characters of Niccolo and himself. As soon as Maddalena had received the sacraments, she, with evident emotion, whispered to her spiritual director, and then added in a faint, but solemn tone,

"I charge you, father, by the Holy Mother of God, by her Bleffed Son, who shed his precious blood on the cross, to reveal this

to my unhappy ----"

Her speech forsook her; she fell back on the bed, and her pure spirit sled to Him who gave it.

Some time elapsed ere the melancholy event was communicated to Novini. As foon, however, as that was thought practicable with fafety, Beatrice, romantic in all her proceedings, prepared to execute a plan which the believed would allay his forrow and reconcile him to life. One fine evening, when Novini was recovering and impatient to be conducted to the countels, Beatrice fancifully dreffed Laura in white, wound a black ribbon round her flender waift and arms, led her into her father's presence, and silently withdrew. He instantly snatched the child to his breast, and kissed it with more than usual affection. ceiving the emblems of mourning, and gueffing the fatal truth which his kind friends had hitherto hitherto concealed, he hastily set down the child, struck his breast with vehemence, and exclaimed, in a voice of the bitterest anguish,

"Almighty God! I am left utterly destitute. Wretch that I am! why do I not throw off the burden of existence? Is not my sun of happiness for ever set? Oh, Death, why dost thou delay thy blessed stroke?

A paper, which his kind aunt had placed in the child's bosom, now attracted his attention. Eagerly drawing it forth, he read, with

inexpressible agitation as follows.

My dear father, my only parent, have you then forgotten your Laura? Will you confign her to mifery? Oh! remember my my mother's dying words, requesting you to live for my fake. Look on your Laura, observe the innocence pictured in her dawning features! Does not your heart, yielding to the fweet emotions of parental love, confess that comfort may still be found, if you do not reject the heaven-born guest? My mother you may yet rejoin, if the blissful union be not prevented by an act of despair. Live, oh live, my father! Live to behold me. emulating your Maddalena in talents and virtue. Let the kifs yoou are about to bestow on your only child, affure her of a parent's unalterable affection, and his refignation to the will of the Almighty.

LAURA DI NOVINI."

The

The eloquence of Beatrice was not wholly ineffectual. He again clasped the child to his breast, and unable to articulate a single word, burst into tears. His aunt and Vignolo now entered, and enforced the sentiments he had just perused, with so much energy, that resignation seemed to take place of despair. At his earnest desire, the particulars of Maddalena's death were minutely detailed. A fresh shower of tears evinced, and also relieved, his sorrow.

From this period, he gradually attained strength, but was still subject to those fits of spleen which rendered his life burdensome, and which not even the rising charms and engaging prattle of his child, nor the rare experiments of Tomaso, nor the admonitions of Vignolo, could dispel.

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